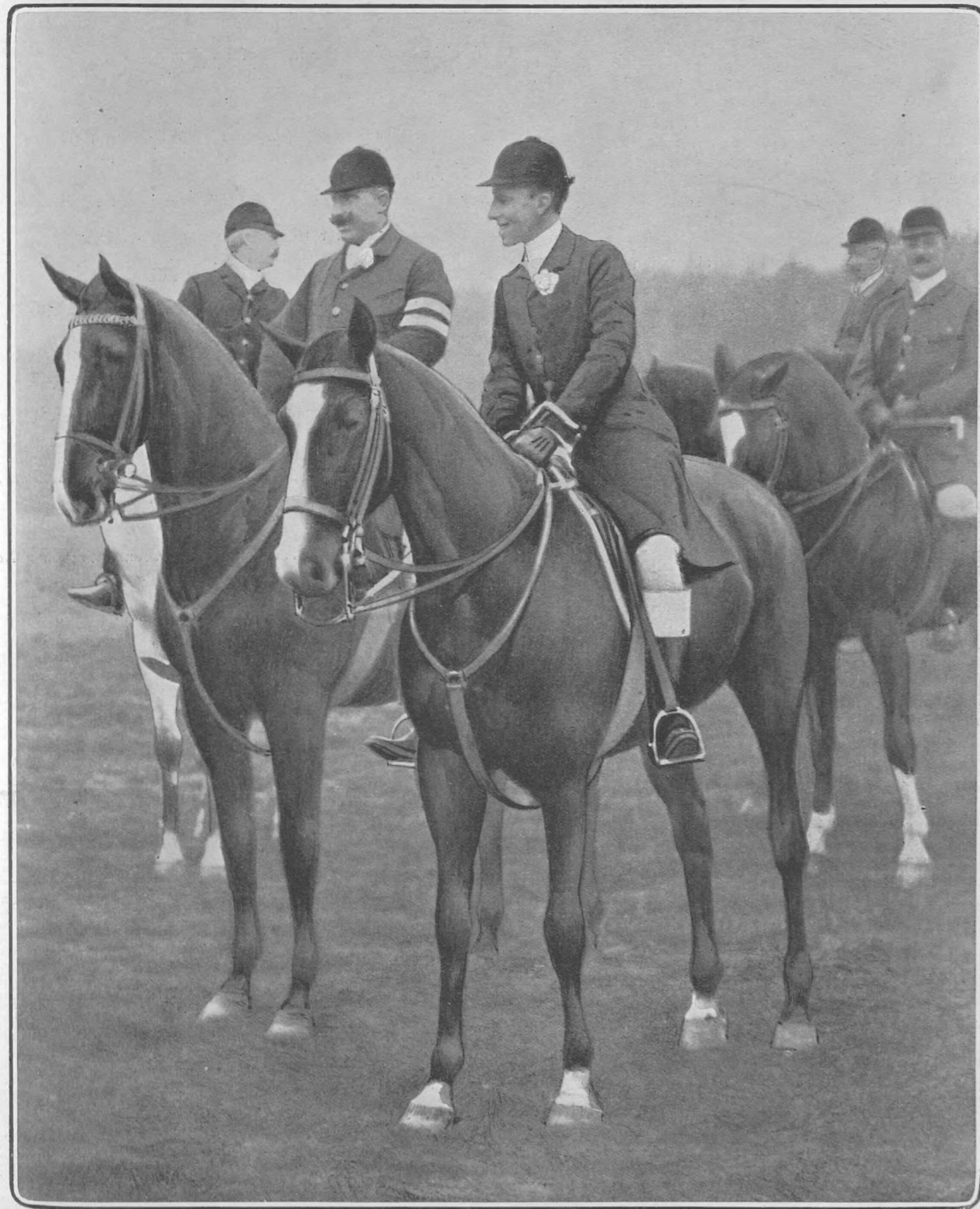


The Sketch

No. 670.—Vol. LII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



THE WAR-LORD AND THE BOY-KING IN UNFAMILIAR GUISE: THE GERMAN EMPEROR
AND THE KING OF SPAIN IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

The details of the boy King of Spain's recent visit to the Kaiser are too fresh to call for repetition, but it may be noted that their Majesties enjoyed excellent sport together. It is stated that the German Emperor will visit Madrid next year.

Photograph by Louis Held, Weimar.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

(“*Chicot*”).

“INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND”

London.

ON Tuesday evening of last week, after a series of petty annoyances that only achieved the dignity of being annoying because they all happened to come together, I made up my mind to sail away. I would leave England to get along as well as she could without me. Tears, reproaches, entreaties—all should be vain. A friend, upon whom I called for the purpose of startling him with the news of my decision, quietly suggested Italy. One could hire a delightful little villa, he told me, in some dreamy, sweet-scented valley into which the sun smiled from morn to eve, from year's end to year's end, for about ten bob a week. I winced at the bathos, but was glad to have some idea of the price. One would live on fruit, he said, and drink the simple, inexpensive wine of the country. One would neither work nor pay income-tax, but lie and dream in the sunshine, wear white clothes, and never get any older. I commissioned him, forthwith, to find me such a place. “London is cramping,” I said, “both to body and mind. We are all stifled. The lack of oxygen makes us mean and utterly contemptible. Find me a little villa in some Italian village! I am dying for want of sunlight, and purity, and honesty! Find me that villa!” “Right O!” said my friend, and then he knocked his pipe out against his boot and helped himself to whisky.

On Wednesday, after lunch, I sent him the following telegram : “*Have changed mind. There's no place like London. Many thanks all the same.*” The annoyances, you see, had vanished in a night; at any rate, they no longer troubled me. And I knew in my heart that I could never make my home in any other country than England, or in any other town than London. There is something final, something satisfying, about London that keeps one tied and bound to it. I am far more at home in the streets of London than in that little Warwickshire village of which I know every brick and every beam. Sometimes, when I am in the country, I say to myself, “Why go back? It's much nicer here, much healthier. Living is so cheap that you need never work unless you feel inclined. You're not in the least necessary to London. If you never show your face there again, not half-a-dozen people will miss you. Chuck it up, dear friend.” And two mornings later I pack my bag, singing gleefully the while, and take the quickest train that I can find in the time-table. There is nothing quite like the joy of gliding into dear, dark, stately old Paddington after spending ten days or a fortnight in the country. One understands the language of London, and has become accustomed to the food, and knows one's way about.

“But,” somebody may pay me the compliment of saying, “you always write about the country as if you were so fond of it.” So I am. I love the country passionately—especially when I am in town. That is not intended for a joke. When I am in London, I think of the country as Paradise. When I go into the country, I find it Paradise. But if I lived there altogether I fear that I should lose my perspective. One often hears of people going to beautiful places to write about them. The most common idea, I believe, is a table in an arbour, with a lovely, old-fashioned garden in the foreground, and woods and hills in the background. Delightful, but I defy anybody to whom the country really appeals to write under such conditions. One might achieve, I suppose, a sort of photographic effect by describing each flower, petal by petal, counting the sprigs and twigs of the trees, and compiling a laborious catalogue of the other features of the scene. But the result would be as painful to read as to write, and would lack the touches of imagination that give life and light to any work of art. No; I don't believe in the table-in-an-arbour business. Give me a simply

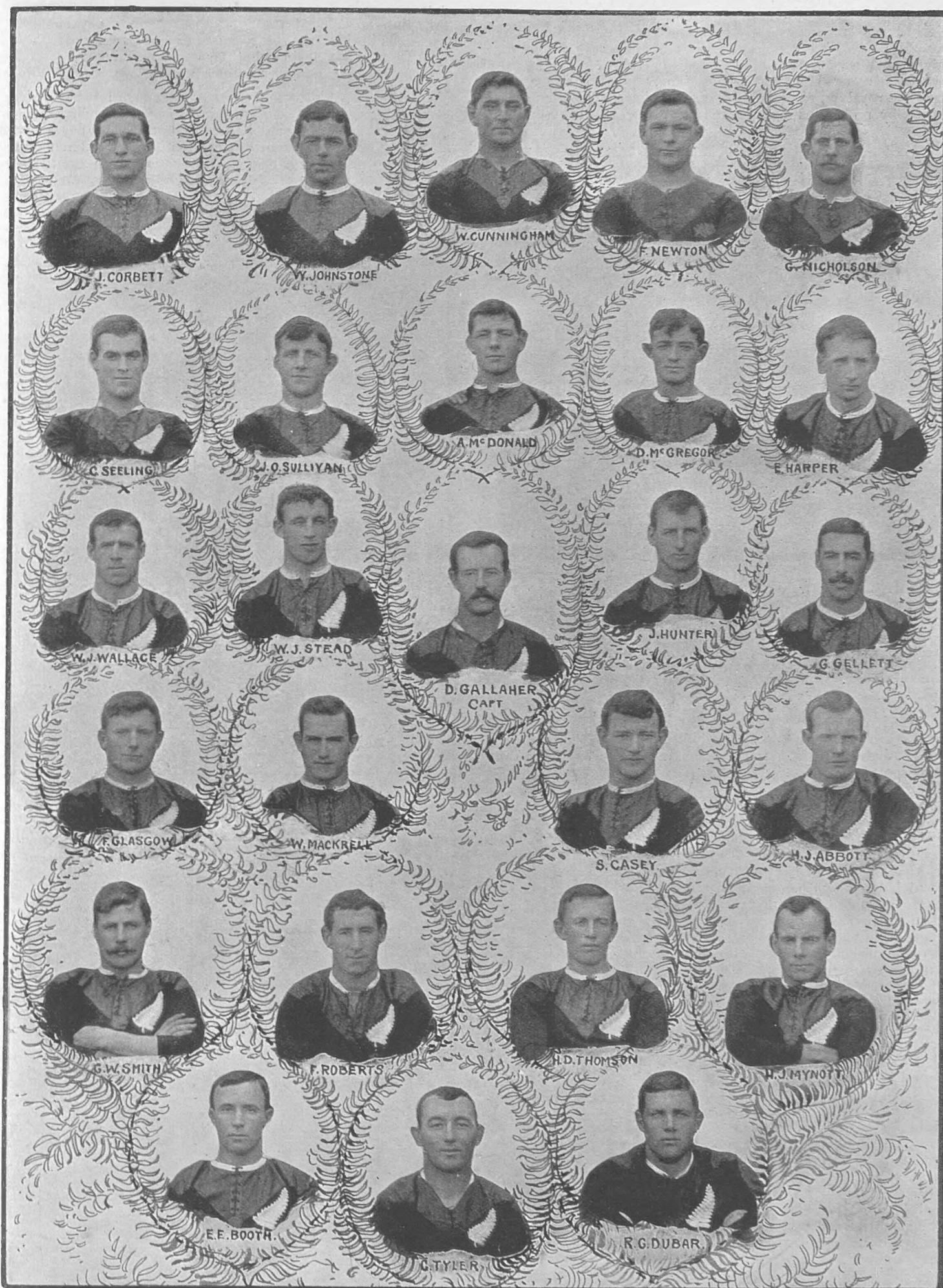
furnished room in the heart of London, and the stimulating echoes of other people's work droning in at the open window. I can't work on Sundays, by the way. London is too quiet.

There has been a little newspaper discussion recently on the subject of “How to Light a Pipe.” This may seem, to the feminine mind, a trivial matter, and quite beneath the notice of any dignified journal. How wrong! For a pipe ill-lit is a pipe ill-smoked, and a pipe ill-smoked is a man made testy, and a man made testy is a man looking out for trouble, and a man looking out for trouble is a man finding trouble, and a man finding trouble is a woman in tears, and a woman in tears is the last word in human dreariness. Never let us be ashamed to inquire, then, how a pipe may be lit with the utmost satisfaction to the smoker. One paper, I see, recommends spills. That is good, but the spills, of course, must be wooden ones. Another paper retorts that spills are of no sort of use to the man in the train. This is the kind of frightfully true thing that causes a hush in the noisiest assembly. What, then, should the man in the train do? I will tell him. He should carry a box of wooden matches, and he should use exactly two matches to light his pipe. The first one will dry the tobacco on the surface, and the second one will produce the vivid, even glow beloved of smokers. The man, by the way, who lights his pipe with a wax match is a bad man right from the start. Never trust him, dear friend.

I like that “Country Parson” who has been writing in a Norfolk paper about the cruelties of stag-hunting. He suggests, as a humane alternative, paper-chases. He declares that he would willingly give a large quantity of old sermons to be torn up for the purpose, and hints, with exquisite modesty, that they might then do the good in the future that they have failed to do in the past. Here, therefore, is a parson who may claim to be not only a good fellow, but a humorist into the bargain. The majority of country parsons, you will find, have a sense of humour. For some reason or other, though, they generally omit to avail themselves of that gift when they sit down to write a sermon. I have only once heard a sermon in a country church that was founded on a funny story, and that was preached by—well, perhaps I won't mention the name. The point is that the sermon was a most impressive one, and “got home” far more surely on account of that little touch of humour. Every sermon should contain some element of humour.

I say, though! Little did I think, when I suddenly suggested towards the end of a “Motley Note” last week that I should give a trifling prize for the best list of Christian names suitable to the use of a struggling novelist, what I was letting myself in for. The storm began on Thursday night (the letters having been forwarded on from *The Sketch* office) and it is still going forward with unabated vigour. I have received lists from kind correspondents at Leytonstone, from ingenious correspondents at Kensington, from enthusiastic correspondents at Weybridge, from eager correspondents at Leamington, from breezy correspondents in the Isle of Wight, from earnest correspondents at South Shields, from dainty correspondents at Weston-super-Mare, from vigorous correspondents at Hampstead, from pathetic correspondents at Leeds, and a whole host of others from a variety of places that I have not the space to name. Well, it is obvious that I cannot possibly settle the competition this week. Many of the names come over and over again in the different lists, and I have been torturing my poor brains in the hope of devising some scheme that will enable me to give a fair decision. I think I have discovered the right method at last, and I will apply it without delay. Bar accidents, therefore, the winner of the very inadequate prize will be announced next week.

THE "ALL BLACKS" VERSUS ALL ENGLAND.



THE NEW ZEALANDERS FROM WHOM THE TEAM TO MEET ENGLAND AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON SATURDAY NEXT WILL BE CHOSEN.

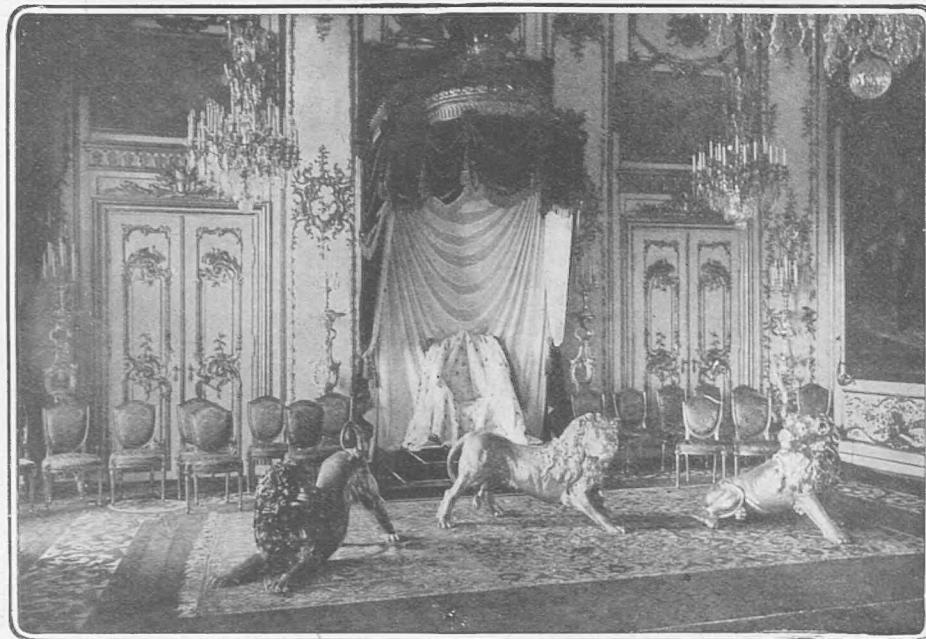
The match to be played by the New Zealanders and England at the Crystal Palace on Saturday next has aroused extraordinary interest, not only amongst those who know every rule and every trick of Rugby, but amongst those who are innocent even of the causes that lead to scrums and tries. The reason is not far to seek: up to last Monday the "All Blacks" had played twenty-two games and had won them all—their total points being 661 against their opponents' 22.

Photograph by Kelley, Newton Abbot.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Prince's Jaipur Tiger—The Amber Shikari's Story of his Drunken Tigers—The Shop-Assistants' Tiger—Tigers I Have Met.

Far, far be it from me to suggest that the nine-foot tiger shot by the Prince of Wales at Jaipur was a "bag-man," but I do think that His Royal Highness was very lucky not to be kept perched up in his "machan" for a long time, and that such a fine specimen of the royal animal should have shown itself so conveniently in a district by no means overstocked with tigers. The ruler of



THE APARTMENT IN THE AMALIENBORG PALACE IN WHICH THE KING OF DENMARK MADE HIS SPEECH TO THE DEPUTATION SENT TO OFFER THE THRONE OF NORWAY TO HIS GRANDSON, NOW HAAKON VII.

The Deputation from the Norwegian Storting sent to Denmark to obtain King Christian's consent to his grandson becoming King of Norway were received by His Majesty at the Amalienborg Palace. In answer to the Deputation's request, the King gave his formal assent to their desire, and blessed the new Monarch and his Consort. Amongst those present were the Dowager Empress of Russia and the Crown Prince of Denmark.

Photograph by Elfelet.

Jaipur would, of course, not have thought of sending a cage into the jungle with a coolie squatting on top to pull up a bar, but amongst lower-caste natives there is not quite such a strict regard for the etiquette of sport.

I remember, at Amber, that most wonderful of all the deserted cities of India, the old capital of the Jaipur State, being told by a native shikari a wonderful tale of how he had secured perfectly harmless tigers for distinguished globe-trotters to shoot. I am bound to confess that there was a twinkle in the old man's eye as he told me the tale, and I dare say he was anxious that I should learn that the sun-tanned "Quai Hais" were not the only men in India who could draw the long-bow concerning tiger-shooting. He gave me, however, a list of very distinguished persons who had shot his carefully prepared tigers.

His method was simple. In the stony hills round Amber water is scarce, and the shikari placed near the tracks travelling tigers use great earthenware pans full of water. The most suspicious of the great cats came at last to the conclusion that some philanthropist had arranged to supply them with a "night-cap," and certain tigers always came nightly to drink from the different pans. When a distinguished globe-trotter was put into the shikari's hands, with instructions that a tiger must be supplied to him, the shikari filled the pan frequented by the most promising of the big animals with arrack instead of water, the unsuspecting and thirsty animal lapped up enough to make it genially intoxicated before it discovered the fraud, and the next day the sportsman plugged with bullets an animal which in its own way was singing "We won't go home till morning."

There were various questions which I should have liked to ask the shikari of Amber, but I thought of them too late, and he had disappeared before I had had time to formulate them. Good tiger-stories are, I am afraid, on the decrease, for so many people have shot tigers that it is as difficult to obtain belief for a twenty-foot-tiger yarn as it is for any very extraordinary occurrence of a run with the hounds or a partridge-drive. The strangest tiger-tale that I can vouch for was an adventure which befell two Calcutta shop-assistants. These two lads, lately come from England, had been sent to a small station

in the foot-hills of the Himalayas to get over the effects of their first acquaintance with Indian hot weather. They knew as much about the jungle as any thorough Cockney who had never been further afield than Epping Forest was likely to know, and on their first day in the hills, when, arming themselves with a shot-gun and a kukri, they announced that they were going out shooting their companions in the hotel smiled pityingly. There were leopards in the jungle, for now and again a dog was carried off, but no man ever got a shot at them, and game-birds there were none.

When, that evening, the two young shopmen returned to the hotel and said that they had shot and killed a tiger, their statement was received with a guffaw, but, when they insisted that their statement was true and declared that they had come back to get coolies to bring in their dead quarry, the Nestor of the hotel-party, a man with some knowledge of sport, voiced the general sentiment by saying, "Well, you are either the biggest liars or the most thundering fools I have ever come across in my life." Liars they were not, but they had been favoured with a most extraordinary stroke of luck

A tiger journeying, as tigers do, was passing through the hill-jungle where no tigers had ever before been found, and stepped across a path just as the two lads came up it. The animal stopped for a moment to look at them, and the young man who had the gun fired in its face. The tiger bounded into the jungle. The sportsman with the kukri unsheathed it, and the twain pushed into the undergrowth to find the tiger. Had they wished to commit suicide they could not have set to work more methodically to put their lives in danger; but once more the impossible had happened—the shot had reached the animal's brain and it was dead.

Of the various tigers I have met, the most disconcerting was a beast in a menagerie owned by one of the Maharajahs. This tiger was an excellent nerve-test. It always crouched at the back of its cage, and when the unsuspecting visitor was close against the bars it made a furious spring at him. Of course, the bars stopped it in mid-air, but the man who did not give a backward jump when this great, furious black-and-yellow cat sprang at him was the possessor of extraordinary nerves.

Once, walking up the sandy bed of a Border river, I met at a bend a tiger coming in the opposite direction. We were neither of us on the war-path, and I had no firearm of any description. We were both too much astonished to be the least uncivil, and I stood and looked at the tiger and the tiger stood and looked at me. The tiger was the first to recover its manners, and, not wishing in any way to interfere with a gentleman taking his walk, it jumped unconcernedly for the bank, and a second bound took it into the jungle. It was all so commonplace that I did not feel in the least perturbed. The tiger that did frighten me horribly was one I did not see. Taking a similar walk up a stream and then turning



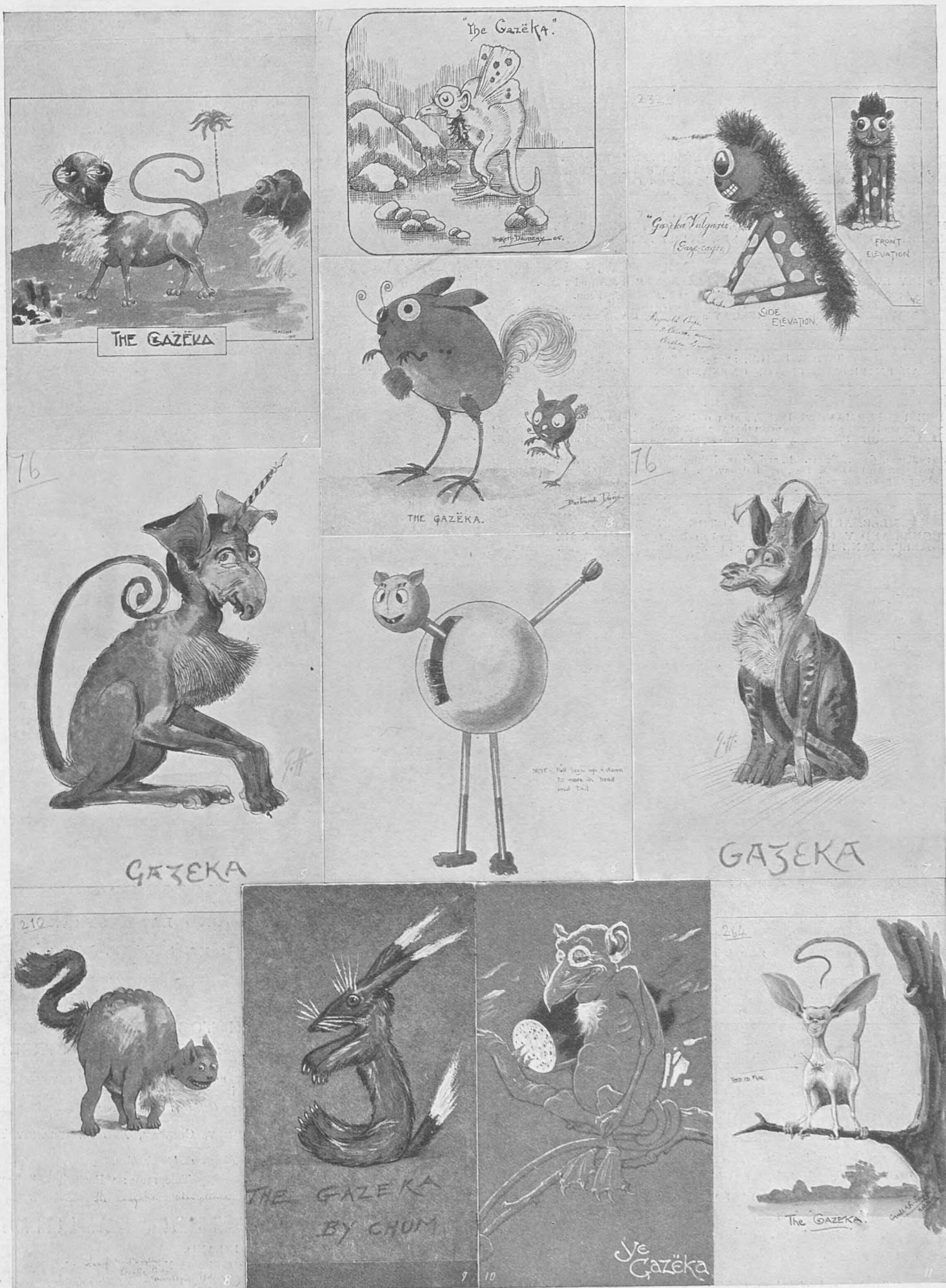
MAKING "TURF" FOR FOOTBALL UNDER COVER: SEWING TOGETHER THE SECTIONS OF THE CARPET ON WHICH OUR NATIONAL WINTER-GAME WILL BE PLAYED AT OLYMPIA.

Each section of the carpet contains fifty square yards, and a hundred and twenty sections make up the whole. The work took three months, and in order that it may more closely resemble grass it is dyed green.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

back, I found a tiger's spoor over my foot-marks. The animal had been following me and with what purpose I could not tell, but it was not likely to have been a benevolent one.

HUNTING THE GAZÉKA: BEASTS WHO WERE "BAGGED."



1. BY A. M. LLOYD. 2. BY HESKETH DAUBENY. 3. BY BERTRAND DAVIS. 4. BY REGINALD COOPER. 5. BY "GIFFE." 6. BY E. H. BICKFORD.
7. BY "GIFFE." 8. BY FRANK M. BARTON. 9. BY "CHUM." 10. BY MAURICE CLIFFORD. 11. BY GERALD E. R. SMITH.

ARTISTS' IMAGININGS OF MR. GEORGE GRAVES'S MYSTERIOUS PROTÉGÉ: UNSUCCESSFUL STUDIES
ENTERED FOR THE DALY'S THEATRE COMPETITION.

As we note on another page, under Mr. Lawson Wood's drawing, the Management of Daly's Theatre recently offered a prize for the best sketch of a Gazéka, the strange beast mentioned by Mr. George Graves in "The Little Michus." Hundreds of drawings were sent in for competition, and we are enabled to reproduce a selection of these by the courtesy of the Management of the theatre. At the moment of going to press, the actual prize-winner is in the hands of the toy-maker, who is turning it into playthings that will be joys for ever to numbers of the little patrons of Daly's at Christmas-time, and it is, therefore, impossible for us to illustrate it here. It may be noted, however, that it depicts a creature with frog-like body and "rococo" feet, and that it is the work of Mr. Charles J. Folkard. The complete collection is on view at Daly's to-day (Nov. 29).

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Charles Dickens' *Olive Twist*.
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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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The Life of Froude. Herbert Paul. 16s.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

DECEMBER 2.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S INDIAN TOUR.**THE NEW KING AND QUEEN OF NORWAY.****THE QUEEN AND A TIGER CUB.****THE CRISIS IN THE NEAR EAST.****THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS**

DECEMBER 2.

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twelve months have seen some interesting changes in the Queen's family-circle, most important of all being the transformation of Princess Charles of Denmark into Queen of Norway.

The Princess Royal. It was arranged that the Princess Royal should make her first appearance in public since her assumption of her new title to-day (Nov. 29), when she is announced to open the King's Labour Tents of the Church Army, on Kingsway. The King's eldest daughter has always been of a very retiring disposition, and, though her charities are many, she has preserved anonymity as much as possible. Her Royal Highness's and her sisters' religious education was supervised by the eloquent Canon Teignmouth Shore, who was for so long incumbent of Berkeley Chapel. The Princess Royal takes a very practical interest in the work of the Church Army, which is endeavouring to cope with the problem of the Unemployed on the principle of giving relief in exchange for an adequate amount of work done.

Welbeck and Royalty. Their Majesties' forthcoming visit to Welbeck recalls former Royal sojourns in this most splendid and famous of ducal Abbeys. When

Charles I. was on his way to Scotland to be crowned, he was splendidly entertained there by the Duke of Newcastle, then owner of the estate, and since it passed into the possession of the chief of the Bentinck family the hospitality again and again tendered to Royal guests has been magnificent. The King and Queen, as Prince and Princess of Wales, made some memorable sojourns in "The Dukeries"; but this will be their first stay at Welbeck since the Accession. Even those who have never had the opportunity of seeing Welbeck's subterranean wonders are aware that the late Duke of Portland devoted years of his life—and, it may be said, millions of his money—to creating an underground palace even more wonderful than the splendid mansion which stands above-ground! The most famous of the subterranean halls and chambers is the picture-gallery, entirely

NEXT Friday (Dec. 1) is Queen Alexandra's birthday. Her Majesty will spend the anniversary, as she always prefers to do, at Sandringham, chief of those to grace this happiest of family festivals this year being Her Majesty's favourite brother, the King of the Hellenes, who has prolonged his stay in this country in order that he may be with his sister on the day of days. The last

lit from the roof and hung with masterpieces. A large party of guests, distinguished in every branch of politics, art, and philanthropy, have been asked to meet their Majesties, for the Duke and Duchess are interested in many men and matters lying outside the confines of "smart" Society.

Court Mourning. Some surprise has been expressed that His Majesty should have ordered Court mourning for two weeks for the late Grand Duke of Luxemburg, and for one week only for his first-cousin once removed, the Count of Flanders. There

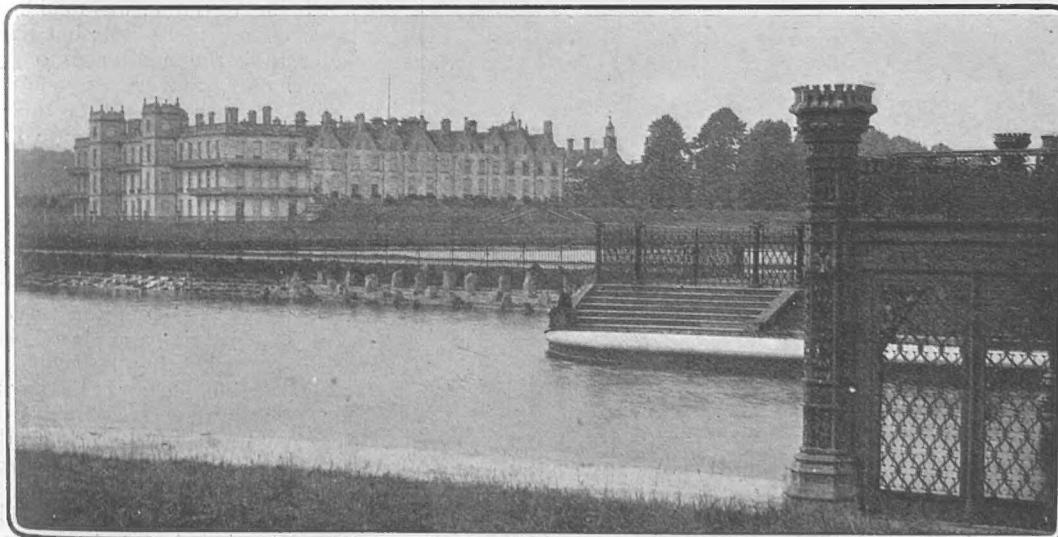


AN INTERESTING BRIDE OF 1905: THE HON. MRS. MATTHEW WILSON.
Photograph by Beresford.

has, however, been no departure from precedent in the matter, for the Grand Duke of Luxemburg was a reigning Sovereign, while the Count of Flanders did not even stand in the position of Heir-Presumptive to his brother, the King of the Belgians, for he had expressly renounced the right of succession in favour of his only son, Prince Albert.

The Hon. Mrs. Matthew Wilson. Of the many brides of 1905 who will probably grace the first of the winter Courts, few will arouse more interest than Mrs. Matthew Wilson, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Ribblesdale. As Miss Barbara Lister, Mrs. Wilson was one of the most popular and brilliant girls in Society, recalling, so many people thought, her aunt, Mrs. Asquith, from whom she inherits her grace as a dancer. Captain Matthew Wilson was a friend and fellow-officer of his bride's gallant brother, whose death, while serving his country, was a tragic episode in one of our "little wars" in Somaliland.

Madame Hofer on Velvet. If, on a visit to Paris, you see a well-preserved, middle-aged woman of florid complexion passing in the Champs-Elysées, in a carriage perfectly appointed, it is very likely to be Madame Hofer, the ex-canteen-woman who won £40,000 in a recent Lottery. The lady knows how to take care of her money, like, indeed, most of her sex in France. She did none of the things that were expected of her. She did not refresh the regiment for nothing when she came into her fortune; she did not invite even a single "piou-piou" to celebrate the occasion, in his favourite brand, at her expense. No; she kept calmly on at her work, making a little extra money by her notoriety. Then she sold the goodwill and bought a house in the Champs-Elysées. And, in the excess of her wide-awareness and rigid economy, she utilised the letters that had been sent to her to beg for doles to make a book of. Oh, she knows her business, does Madame Hofer.



THE KING'S VISIT TO HIS MASTER OF THE HORSE: WELBECK ABBEY, SEAT OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, FROM THE LAKE.

Welbeck Abbey has been the scene of many Royal visits, and is noted especially for the wonderful underground rooms made by the late Duke. The King's stay there will be the first he has made since his Accession.

Photograph by Kirk.

A Youthful Irish Peeress.

It rarely happens that a bride becomes a Peeress before her bridal days have waned. This fate, however, befell the beautiful daughter of Mr. Ainsworth, the popular M.P. for Argyll. Married late in February to the then Major Algernon Skeffington, this young lady, owing to the successive deaths of her father-in-law and brother-in-law, became Lady Massereene and Ferrard in June. The Viscountess is now

mistress of two historic Irish seats, and she will prove a delightful addition to those great ladies who grace the Viceregal Court. The new Peer, who is only thirty, was wounded in the South African War. It is a curious fact that the Viscount of Massereene is one of the only two Irish Peerages which go down in the female line.

Why the Police Hold-up the Motorist.

We know, at last, how it comes about that the police lay so many ingenious traps for the

motorist, why it is they hold him up so frequently, and we are indebted for our knowledge to an article on "Criminals and the Motor-Car," published in a contemporary. The criminals under discussion are not those who merely break records, the rules of the road, and occasionally their necks; they are those scientific personages who use the car much as the highwayman of old used his horse. Dick Turpin no longer holds sway; "Petrol Pete" and "Carburettor Charles" are in the ascendant, and the motor-car is said to enable them to "do the deed" and disappear in a time that would have shamed Black Bess to death. Yet they are laid by the heels. There is satisfaction in that, and who shall now seek to forbid the manufacture of stop-watches under pain of annihilation?

A YOUTHFUL IRISH PEERESS: LADY MASSEREENE AND FERRARD.

Photograph by Thomson.

This is the story of a Corot—a real one. A Paris doctor, in need of ready-money, wanted to sell his picture, which was an heirloom. To him came a rich collector and an expert, the latter the friend of the former. The doctor asked £230 for the picture. The expert raised his shoulders, and said in a low voice to the amateur, "It is a bad copy, simply; I have the original at home." After they had left, the expert hurried back and closed with the doctor at his own figure. The next day he carried his acquisition to his patron, proved that it was a genuine Corot, and pocketed £1,000. Some time afterwards, Croesus and the doctor came together in the former's house. Casting his eyes on the wall, the medical man spied his Corot. Explanations followed, and now there is a slight coolness between the victim and his friend the expert.

The King of Spain as a Poacher. Last week, President Loubet invited the King of Spain to go out shooting with him at Rambouillet, and, the night before the shoot

was to take place, there was a heavy fall of snow which covered the forest and all the country round. Now it so happens that there is a law in France which forbids shooting when the snow is on the ground, so that there seemed every probability that if the King and the President went out they would be setting a bad example to the rest of the world by acting as poachers. Happily, before noon, when the sport was to begin, the snow melted sufficiently to enable them to

Magic, Black or White.

A magic-shop exists in Paris, and at this moment it is doing a roaring trade. As a year draws to an end the superstitious are always especially curious as to the future. You may have either Black Magic or White Magic at a fixed scale of charges. The skin of a still-born calf costs eight francs the square of four inches. A root of mandrake sells at ten francs; verbena is a little

cheaper. A divining-rod is yours at thirty francs, a magic rod at five francs less—that is to say, an English sovereign. There is also a department in the establishment where they sell magic preparations.

Here, for instance, is a recipe for a beauty-bath prepared by the Abbé Guibourg; Mesmer's Fluid or Nicholas Flamel wine will cause

the eyes to sparkle so that they slay at sight; and another preparation has the surprising virtue of rounding off the most scraggly outline. If

you are not beautiful with all that, you surely will be by an application of Eau de Vintras, which puts the hair in curl or ensures a rich capillary harvest on the baldest cranium.

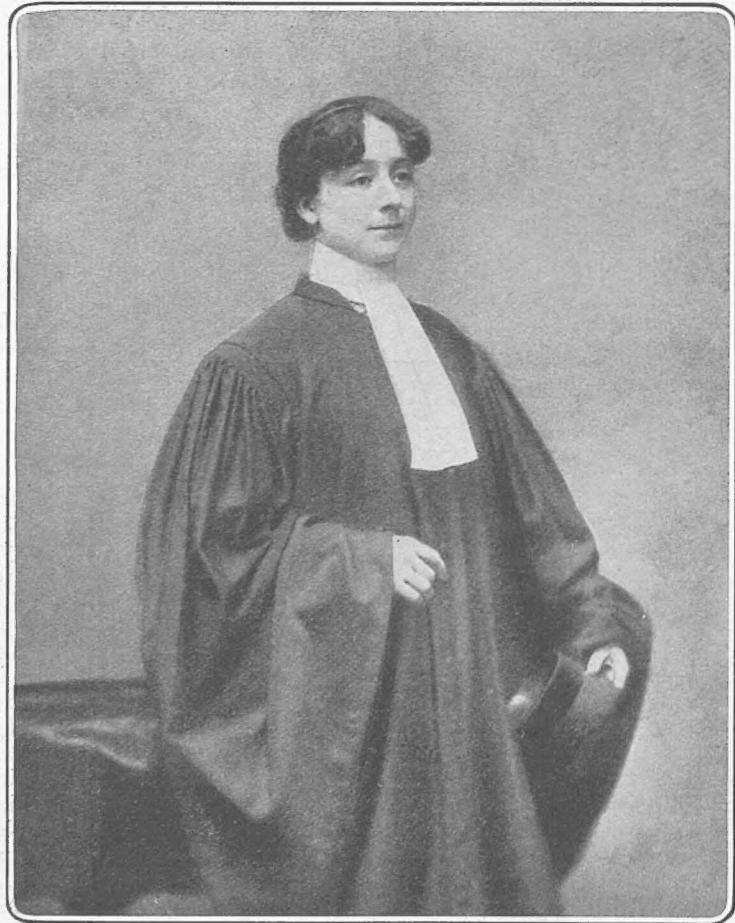
The Servian Crown Prince under Arrest. King Peter of Servia's eldest son has been plagiarising from the well-known story of Prince Hal and Judge Gascoigne, for he has just had a violent dispute with his ex-tutor, Major Levasseur, who is a Frenchman. Major Levasseur, however, not being a Judge, was unable to punish his former pupil; but King Peter took the matter into his own hands, and has given the Crown Prince ten days' arrest in his quarters. But before this the Prince had realised that he was in the wrong, and had apologised.

The Riches of the King of Norway. It has been stated in several quarters that the new King of Norway is quite a poor man, and that he had only his wife's income and his pay as an officer in the Danish Navy to live upon until he accepted the throne. This is quite a mistake, for his mother has a fortune of some four millions sterling. The new King is heir to a large share of this fortune, and has always enjoyed a good allowance, so that, as a matter of fact, he is adding greatly to his responsibilities without increasing his income to any appreciable extent.

FRANCE'S YOUNGEST LADY LAWYER: MME. VIALLA.

Mme. Vialla, née Josée Martin, was married recently. She is the youngest lady lawyer in France, was licensed in July of last year, and passed the first examination for the degree of Doctor this year.

Photograph by Anthony.





MISS MARGARET IRBY, WHO IS TO MARRY SIR MORGAN CROFTON, Bt., ON DECEMBER 12th.

Photograph by Thomson.

in South Africa and who is now an officer Guards. The marriage will take place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 12th of next month, and is sure to be a very brilliant and cheery function.

Two Remarkable Women. Two remarkable women have just passed into the seventies, Mrs. Hetty Green, America's most famous woman financier, and that wonderful and mysterious personage, the Dowager-Empress of China. Mrs. Green is by far the wealthiest woman in the United States, and she is as thrifty as she is rich. She is the moving spirit of several corporations, which she directs from her office in Wall Street, and she is the owner of a great deal of real estate and of blocks of offices and houses in New York and Chicago. The Dowager-Empress of China, according to Miss Katharine Carl, who spent eleven months within the Palace of Pekin as a portrait-painter, and has narrated her experiences in the New York *Tribune*, is especially noteworthy for the youthfulness of her appearance. "I should have taken her to be between thirty-five and forty." Other details given are worthy of the most flattering ladies' paper. "Being a Manchu, she does not bind her feet, and being a widow, she does not make up her face much." She is "petite, with an exquisite figure of perfect proportions; in colouring she may be best described as a fair brunette; in dress she is what the French call 'coquette.'" A pair vastly different, but equally interesting.

A December Wedding. An early December wedding of interest to Irish folk, and to the ever-increasing section of Society devoted to skating, will be that of Miss Margaret Irby — who may be said to have won fame as an exquisite and daring skater—and Sir Morgan Crofton, the young Irish Baronet, owner of a delightful place in Hampshire as well as a seat in Ireland, who distinguished himself in the 2nd Life

and for his ability that he held his post for so long. Letters and telegrams dealing with numerous important events have passed through his hands, notably despatches dealing with the marriage of Princess Henry of Battenberg, the death of Prince Henry, the visits of the German Emperor, the homecoming of Lord Roberts, the death of Queen Victoria, the Accession of King Edward, and, most recently, the *Entente Cordiale* visit of the French Fleet. Naturally enough,



SIR MORGAN CROFTON, Bt., WHO IS TO MARRY MISS MARGARET IRBY ON DECEMBER 12th.

Photograph by Mayall.

numerous souvenirs of official work efficiently carried out are his, amongst them presents from Queen Victoria and the German Emperor, and an "E.R. VII." scarf-pin in diamonds given to him on the occasion of His Majesty's Coronation.

The Luxembourg Succession.

The succession of the Hereditary Grand Duke William to the Principality of Luxembourg, on the death of his father, raises a very important question, and one which, if it is not settled in good time, might conceivably bring about a war between France and Germany. The new Grand Duke has six daughters, but no son, and the question is, whether the Salic law, which forbids the succession of females, is valid in the Grand Duchy or not. If it is, then the succession would be entirely open, more especially as the other branch of the House of Nassau, the line of Otho, is represented by Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, who herself has no male relatives. The population of the Grand Duchy are practically unanimous in rejecting the Salic law; they point out that more than once in the past the Grand Duchy has been under the sway of a feminine ruler, one of whom, by the way, was so much the "woman in possession" that she actually sold the Principality to Philip of Burgundy. The Luxemburgers have no wish to see a Prince with German sympathies appointed to reign over them, and they are anxious that the eldest daughter of the present Grand Duke, the Princess Marie, who be declared heiress. A section of the



AMERICA'S WEALTHIEST WOMAN FINANCIER :
MRS. HETTY GREEN.

Mrs. Green is the wealthiest woman in the Land of the Dollar, and the owner of much property in Chicago and New York. Despite her age—she has just passed her seventieth birthday—she handles her business as a famous financier should, directing it from her office in Wall Street.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

is eleven years old, should German Press has frankly advocated the annexation of the Grand Duchy to the German Empire, but a glance at the map will show how impossible it would be for France to tolerate this.

Concerning Polaire.

Polaire, whose eccentricities are the joy of Paris, has now a theatre of her own—that is to say, a theatre in which she is the leading "star." This new house is in the Rue Royale, two steps from the



POSTMASTER TO MANY ROYALTIES :
MR. HARRY MOTT.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE BALACLAVA HERO WHO IS MAYOR OF WEDNESBURY : MR. ALDERMAN KILVERT.

Photograph by Whitlock.

Church of the Madeleine. A few years ago, Polaire was a simple "number" in a music-hall. One day she came tapping, tapping at "Willy's" door—"Willy" being the pseudonym of a maker of joyous pieces for the theatre. "Please, sir, I can play Claudine," she said. Claudine is the pet invention of Willy and is a young person of irrepressible nature and astounding adventures. And, Willy having invested her with the full rights and powers to play Claudine, she astounded the Boulevards by being more Claudine than Claudine. It was as if Toole were playing "Walker, London": you never knew which was Toole and which was Barrie. In the same way, you never knew which was Willy and which Polaire. But this, after all, was mere low-comedy. Again she tapped at Willy's door. "I will play in drama," she said, and once again Willy obliged. She made her débüt at the Gymnase as a circus-rider, but in the real "legitimate." Thus has she come to the position of one of "Nos actrices."

A Youthful Squire. Master Ralph Banks, the very youthful owner of famous Kingston Lacy, will, it is said, receive an afternoon call from his Sovereign during His Majesty's forthcoming visit to Lord and Lady Alington at Crichel. Kingston Lacy is one of the monuments to the genius of Inigo Jones, but the interior was much improved and somewhat altered by Sir Charles Barry. The house contains many priceless art-treasures, including a number of fine historical portraits which once hung at Corfe Castle, which ancient stronghold is also owned by the pretty little boy who is possessor of so many broad acres. Kingston Lacy is a unique collection of Vandycks, and what is said to be the most beautiful Romney ever painted, the portrait of an eighteenth-century Mrs. Banks of Kingston Lacy. The Banks' take highest rank among the untitled nobility of the kingdom, and they are second to none among Dorset magnates.

A Distinguished Invalid. Lady Howe, whose illness has been the signal for so much sympathy from both the King and Queen, is the wife of Queen Alexandra's Chamberlain. She was known for a considerable number

and during Coronation year she gave some memorable parties there. Lady Howe has now been ill for some considerable time, and the King lent her the Royal yacht in the hope that she would be really benefited by the sea-air. The Queen's Chamberlain has but one child, a son and heir, now, of course, known as Lord Curzon.

Two New Knights—

The King has just knighted Mr. Arthur Herbert, the new British Minister to Norway, and the Hon. Alan Johnstone, who was appointed Minister to Denmark last March. Sir Arthur Herbert



THE FIRST STATUE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA, EXECUTED BY CHAPU, AND ERECTED IN THE GLYPTOTHEK, COPENHAGEN.

Photograph by Reiffenstein-Hansen.



THE BOY OWNER OF KINGSTON LACY: MASTER RALPH BANKES, WHO MAY RECEIVE A VISIT FROM THE KING.

Photograph by Speaight.



A DISTINGUISHED INVALID TO WHOM THE KING HAS LENT HIS YACHT: LADY HOWE.

Photograph by Thomson.

have entertained many brilliant house-parties at Gopsall, among their first visitors having been the King. As mistress of Curzon House, Lady Howe has also been among their Majesties' favourite hostesses,

of years as Lady Georgiana Curzon, and in the earlier days of her married life was noted as a remarkable sportswoman, an able whip, and a clever politician. As President of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals, Lady Howe showed powers of organisation which her brother, the late Lord Randolph Churchill, might have envied. Since Lord Howe succeeded his father, he and his accomplished wife

and plays golf, and recently he was able to buy back Coldbrook, near Abergavenny, the ancient home of his family, which had been alienated for some two centuries. Sir Alan Johnstone, who is a younger son of Lord Derwent, is still on the sunny side of fifty, and is very lucky to have got the Copenhagen Legation, for that always means promotion in the near future. Sir Arthur hunts, shoots, and plays golf, and recently he was able to buy back Coldbrook, near Abergavenny, the ancient home of his family, which had been alienated for some two centuries. Sir Alan Johnstone, who is a younger son of Lord Derwent, is still on the sunny side of fifty, and is very lucky to have got the Copenhagen Legation, for that always means promotion in the near future.

—And their American Wives. It is significant that both Sir Arthur Herbert and Sir Alan Johnstone went to the Great Republic for their brides, but this is not surprising in view of the fact that they have both seen service at the Washington Embassy. Lady Herbert is tall and fair, and is considered a great beauty. She was Miss Helen L. Gammell, of Providence, Rhode Island, while Lady Johnstone is Antoinette, only daughter of Mr. J. W. Pinchot, of New York. Sir Arthur and Lady Herbert will have a particularly delightful position in Christiania, for the British Minister was the first to be appointed to the Norwegian Court, and he will therefore, young as he is, be the *doyen* of the Diplomatic Corps in the capital.

The New Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lieutenant-General Sir George Luck, who has been appointed Lieutenant of the Tower in succession to General Lord William Seymour, is known to all soldiers as one of the greatest experts in the handling of cavalry that ever wore a British uniform. As Inspector-General of Cavalry in India, he entirely reorganised that arm of the Service, and more recently he commanded the Bengal Army with exceptional success. As he celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday last month, his active career must soon be ended, but it is a curious fact that the Lieutenancy of the Tower is still held to be military employment. The post is worth only four hundred a year, with a house, but it is valuable to Sir George Luck, as it will save him from going on the Retired List for some time to come.

THE GREAT NEAPOLITAN SOPRANO

WHO HAS APPEARED SO SUCCESSFULLY AT COVENT GARDEN THIS YEAR.



Mme. Rina Giachetti,

When the San Carlo Company paid its first visit to Covent Garden, in the autumn of last year, Mme. Rina Giachetti, a dramatic soprano of the first class, made a most favourable impression. Whether in "La Tosca," "Manon Lescaut," or "Adriana Lecouvreur," she was voted a very considerable artist, even by the habitués of our national Opera House who carry the traditions of the past thirty or forty years in their memories. This season has witnessed Mme. Giachetti's further advance in favour, and, in addition to repeating old successes, she has scored very heavily in two more operas, the "Mefistofele" of Boito and Puccini's "Madama Butterfly."

Photograph by Witcomb.



Concerning Luxury. Many of Mr. Morley's friends hate their own luxury, he tells us, and, to lighten the lot of those whose burdens are heavy, would gladly strip themselves of some of it. This is not a common attitude. Most people hate the well-being of others. The man who keeps a couple of cars contemns the third of his neighbour; the man who eats caviare when

it is ordinarily costly cannot forgive his rival who buys it when famine sends its price to eighteen shillings a pound. "Luxury" is hard to define. Some find "the luxury of doing good" too luxurious, and deny themselves the self-indulgence. A convalescent, returning to solid food, finds an egg delicious, and sighs to her nurse, "What a pity they are so common!" A greater dame, wife of a Cabinet Minister with official residence, mourns the sacrifice of luxury which his going out of office entails.



THE AUTHOR WHO SHOT A CHINAMAN TO ADVERTISE HIS BOOK: LIONEL TERRY, NOW UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH AT WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

Lionel Terry, an Englishman of thirty-six, was sentenced to death at Wellington, the other day, for having shot a Chinaman in order to call attention to the Yellow Peril and his book, "The Shadow." Mr. Terry is a native of Kent, was educated at Eton and at Oxford, served against the Matabele, and has travelled a great deal.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

It has been such a comfort to her to have her pictures hung upon the longest nails, which, with the services of the carpenter, have been supplied by the Board of Trade for nothing.

The Distribution of the Ills that Man is Heir To. The stamping-out of yellow fever and malaria in Panama is a matter upon which Britons may pride themselves, for it is mainly to the indefatigable investigations of Major Ronald Ross that the world owes its knowledge of the origin of the illness. We shall soon need the aid of the gallant and learned Major in England, for the mosquito is undoubtedly here. We call him a midge, but he is a mosquito. The kindly fruits of the earth which we admit into our ports bring all manner of little plagues with them. We have sent the sparrow and the rabbit to annoy Australia; China has favoured us with the rat by which London is overrun—the huge brown brute who has killed off the old black English stock and himself possesses the land. Wherever the jackal is, there an army has gone before. It is interesting in this way to trace cause to effect, for it brings us to the surprising conclusion that the Highland fling owes its origin solely to—the kilt and midges.

"F.R.S." Everybody knows the significance of the "F.R.S." which a man is proud to add to his name.

Those present to-morrow at the Royal Society meeting and dinner would be indignant, however, to know to what base use the famous initials were once put. A man, employed for professional work by one who years before had engaged him, excused his higher charges by pointing to the "F.R.S." added to his name. "That," he said, "means 'Fees raised since.'" The autograph-book of this Society is perhaps the most famous in existence. It possesses the signatures of many of the most notable men the world has produced since Charles II. first granted it its charter. For all their learning, however, members of old-time were wont to let their wits go wool-gathering. One of their discussions was upon the theme: "Do diamonds and other precious stones grow again after three or four years in the same places where they have been digged out?"

Echo Answers,
"No."

Some of the wonders which these ancient savants discussed might have been observed nearer home. "What river is that in Java-Major that turns wood to stone?" was the subject of one paper. Visitors to Knaresborough are familiar with the like phenomena in homelier setting. It would have been fairly safe, however, to reply in the negative to one ample interrogatory laid before the Royal Society: "Whether in the island of Sumbero, which lyeth northward of Sumatra about eight degrees, northern latitude, there be found such a vegetable as Mr. James Lancaster relates to have seen, which grows up to a tree, shrinks down, when one offers to pluck it up, into the ground, and would quite shrink unless held very hard? And, whether the same, being forcibly plucked up, hath a worm for its root, diminishing more and more according as the tree grows in greatness; and as soon as the worm is wholly turned into the tree, rooting in the ground and so growing great? And whether the same, plucked up young, turns, by the time it is dry, into a hard stone, much like to white coral?" We all know that tree. It is born of lobster-salad—never of champagne.

"To What Base
Uses."

A topic of the week has been "The Sources of the Prayer-Book." To that might be added a chapter upon the ultimate end of the same work. One curious sidelight is afforded by the habit of appreciative traders in Ceylon. They import the gold-leaf for decorative purposes upon unbound sheets of the Prayer-Book. The explanation is that the printing is fine and even and the paper smooth and good, while the character of the work is regarded, too, as some guarantee for the excellence of the wares it encloses. The Prayer-Book, then, like prayer itself, may be variously viewed by different people. It was a prayer which led, a few months ago, to a mild riot in Marylebone Workhouse, where a pauper declared that the exercise caused him catarrh in the ear. A more ingenious gentleman founded a libel action upon a prayer.

We all
The Unkindest know the
Prayer.

the Lincolnshire clergyman who, in offering up a petition for rain, described his field as the one with a certain tree in its centre. It is Tennyson's story, so it should be true. The experience of another man suggests that, after all, there may, in the eyes of some, be excuse for such localisation. For it happened that a clergyman in a parish bordering upon two States in the West prayed for rain, which came and drenched the land on both sides of the boundary. The downfall was beneficial in the clergyman's State, but in the other it drowned a farmer's lambs. That poor clergyman was proceeded against in the Law Courts, and such damages recovered as to prevent his ever again raising his voice in appeal with regard to wet, or any other, weather.



THE BOOK THAT LIONEL TERRY SOUGHT TO ADVERTISE BY MURDERING A CHINAMAN: THE COVER OF "THE SHADOW."

Lionel Terry has for some time been one of the most vehement protesters against alien immigration. He has written several books on the subject, and to call attention to the latest of these, "The Shadow," he went into the Chinese quarter of Wellington, and deliberately murdered an aged Chinaman with two shots from a revolver. On the following day, he informed a bookseller that the sale of "The Shadow" was likely to increase, and then gave himself up to the police. It seems probable that the state of Terry's mind will be investigated, and that he will be found to be mad.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

E. A. B.

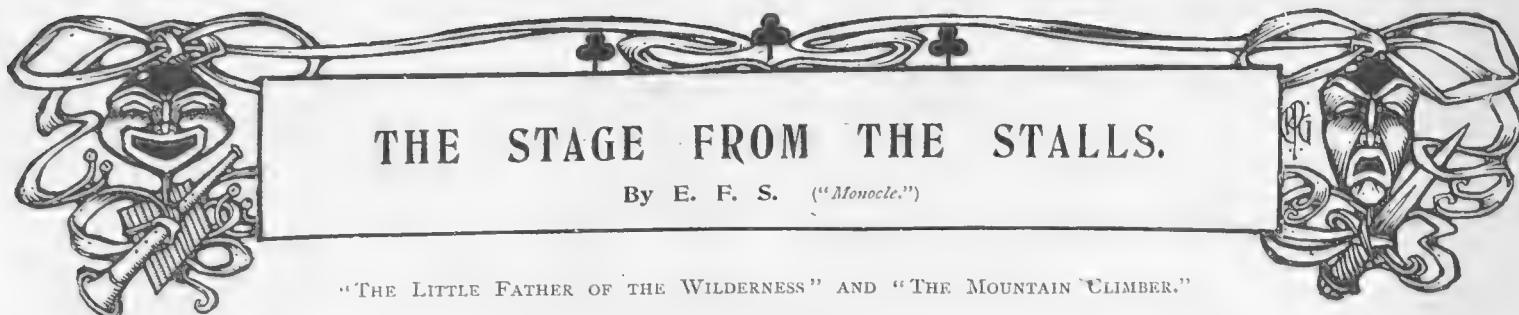
A LADY CHANNEL-SWIMMER'S BEST DIVE.



MISS ANNETTE KELLERMANN, WHO IS GIVING EXHIBITIONS OF DIVING AT THE HIPPODROME.

Miss Kellermann, the Australian lady swimmer, came to this country in order to make an attempt to swim the Channel, and will renew her efforts next year, when she hopes to meet with success. It will be remembered that she failed last summer owing to an unfortunate attack of mal-de-mer. At the London Hippodrome, Miss Kellermann is giving an exhibition of fancy diving, and is showing how Holbein, Burgess, and herself endeavoured to emulate Captain Webb's great feat. Our illustration shows her making what is, perhaps, her most perfect dive.

Based on a photograph by Sears.



"THE LITTLE FATHER OF THE WILDERNESS" AND "THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER."

OF course, people began talking about Mr. Huntley Wright's versatility after seeing him as the pathetic little figure of the heroic missionary, and then in the part of Mr. Sibsey, the hero of the latest farce. In truth, however, the remarks about versatility are not quite sound; for the word is nowadays used as implying cleverness in change, and in this sense there is less versatility in playing widely contrasted parts competently than in distinguishing between two characters in plays belonging to the same category. If Mr. Wright, after appearing as Père Marlotte, had presented a figure in comedy with success, he would have been entitled to great admiration. As the case stands, the popular Daly comedian has hardly fulfilled the hopes of his many admirers; perhaps it is fairer to say that the result of the test of his powers is indecisive. There have been many cases during the last decade of popular performers in musico-dramatic works attempting to win success in non-musical plays, and in few has the result been satisfactory; even several eminent Savoyards have failed to make the necessary change in style, and consequently their work has seemed out of the picture. Of course, there have been some triumphs, as in the case of Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Ethel Irving, and Miss Florence St. John. These remarks have some inaccuracy, since several, perhaps most, of the favourites in the musical plays did a good deal of early work outside them. I dare say Mr. Huntley Wright belongs to this category; I am only referring to those who have been so long under the banner of Mr. George Edwardes and his competitors that they have adopted a particular style which has grown to be second nature.

The plays in which Mr. Wright appeared were very different in quality, and so was his acting in them. "The Little Father of the Wilderness," by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne and Mr. Austin Strong, is a pretty little play, far above the level of the ordinary curtain-raiser, and almost entitled to be called a masterpiece. Freshness of idea and unconventionality of treatment go a very long way, and but for some uncertainty of treatment, the difficulties of the authors in filling their canvas, and a little error in drawing the character of the Missionary Priest and making him rather too greedily ambitious, one might have spoken with unqualified enthusiasm. The story is very simple. Louis the Well-Beloved, in order to decide a bet about the height of the Falls of Niagara, sent for Father Marlotte, who as missionary had done wonders in Canada. The little priest imagined that the King desired to see him in order to reward him for his heroic labours; so, with a brother cleric and a caged raccoon as a gift, he made his way to Versailles. The King had forgotten about the bet and the priest, so the Father and his friend might have had to crawl back again but for the kindly intervention of Mlle. Henriette, the reigning favourite. One feared that we were about to see a conventional scene of scornful refusal of assistance at her sinful pretty hands. However, this peril passed. She dragged the King in, and then, to his humiliation, Père Marlotte learnt why he had been summoned. A minute or two later, the Governor of New France and his suite arrived, and were received with great favour by Louis. In a corner of the room the Governor saw the timid little priest, and he and his suite knelt for a blessing, and afterwards told

the astonished monarch that Père Marlotte had done greater service for France in the New World than all the King's forces put together; and so the proud Sovereign knelt for a blessing, and appointed the timid little priest to the Archbishopric of Toulouse. Mr. Wright really acted the principal part excellently. One noticed certain quaint old mannerisms in his gestures, but, without alleging that there was any greatness in his work, one may praise it sincerely. A notable feature in the acting was the performance of Mr. Frederick Volpé, as the brother priest. What a number of excellent performances, always marked by unselfishness and consideration for balance of the play, have been given by him!

"The Mountain Climber," which Mr. Cosmo Hamilton has adapted from the German, is one of the many farces which show the falsity of the proposition "Well begun, half done," if applied to a play. The first Act was very funny, and reached a pitch of comicality which obviously could not be maintained. We had attained the top of the mountain, and, in order to keep the "pot a-boiling," all sorts of more or less irrelevant comic business had to be thrown into it whilst the play stood still; and, as happens in the case of a pot kept a-boiling at a great altitude, the heat generated was not very great. There are many comic ideas that lure people into writing first Acts for which no real second or third exists. The thought of Mr. Sibsey, when on an escapade in Paris, writing to his fond wife an account of his Alpine triumphs, which he cribbed from a book on mountaineering, is entertaining enough, and his position when Mrs. Sibsey publishes his letters, invites his Swiss guides to come and see him, and urges him to attack a maiden peak, is funny enough to please everybody. The roars of laughter when he was being interviewed by the editor of an Alpine journal (whose part was very cleverly played by Mr. Ernest Cosham), and the screams of merriment whilst he was photographed ascending with his guides a mountain composed of a table, a chair, a step-ladder, some cushions, and white sheets, were



MAETERLINCK IN AMERICA : MADAME KALICH AS "MONNA VANNA"
AT THE MANHATTAN THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Photograph by Sarony.

quite intense; but the old hands shook their heads—a phrase that I have ventured to borrow from an Irish newspaper that shall be nameless. Still, though there was a falling-off in the rest of the play, a great deal was comic in a rough-and-tumble way, and much that was not might be cut. Nevertheless, it would not be a bad idea, in order to bring Mr. Wright's acting into tune with the piece, to introduce songs and dances and make it a musical farce; for his performance was exactly like those that have entertained crowds and crowds at Daly's Theatre. Prodigiously energetic, acting at an immense pressure, never restful, always determined to be funny, he managed to lose sight of the individual character, and the play suffered in consequence. Yet really, in his way, he was remarkably ingenious. Miss Lottie Venne had one of the big successes of her life in the rather well-drawn type of Mrs. Sibsey, and her scraps of French were deliciously comic. Miss Grace Lane put unusual colour into an *ingénue's* part by her clever acting. Miss Margaret Halstan's talent gave some life to the rather foolish character of a Swiss maiden who wore trousers when collecting the Swiss milk. Messrs. Dodsworth, Graham Browne, and Marsh Allen, and Miss Dora Barton, all played excellently in rather poor parts.

THE GAZÉKA AT HOME—ACCORDING TO LAWSON WOOD.



Mr. George Edwardes is giving a prize of five guineas for the most realistic drawing of the Gazéka, the beast mentioned by Mr. George Graves in "The Little Michus." "It is a very rare little thing," said Mr. Graves to an interviewer, "owing to its unfortunate habit of invariably eating all its own eggs but one, and that one its aunt keeps round the corner out of his sight." Concerning it, Mr. Lawson Wood writes: "I must correct Mr. Graves on one or two points regarding the Gazéka. From careful study of the two specimens in my possession, I gather that, in the antediluvianiferous state, it was covered with a fleecy white fur, much in vogue at the present time (which accounts for its baldness). It may interest Mr. Graves to know that its nest is composed of pickle-jars, lined with Cambridge sausages and whisky-grass. The accompanying drawing, which is from notes made in the haunts of the Gazéka, is guaranteed authentic for three years. I can confirm Mr. Graves's statement regarding the beast's eggs, having often watched the Gazéka when it has discovered that its last egg is in care of an aunt round the corner instead of in the nest."

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

VIII.—SIR HERBERT STERN, BT.—STRAWBERRY HILL, TWICKENHAM.

SPECIALY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

SOMEHOW, I can never think of Sir Herbert Stern's house, Strawberry Hill, without associating it with Horace Walpole.

Why this should be so I cannot say, for, although Walpole was the owner of it for some years, so also were many others of note, both men and women. A good deal has been written concerning this very quaint house; some have railed at its architecture, some have admired it. But, in my opinion, it is like the already over-quoted curate's egg, "parts of it are excellent." One would scarcely say that, taken as a whole, it is beautiful, though till Frances, Lady Waldegrave, added her quota to it in the shape of the west wing it was pretty enough. The oldest portion—that is, the east end—is delightful. Its old, pointed windows filled in with priceless coloured-glass—by Walpole; its wisteria and jasmine covered walls, its little white pinnacles and tall, twisted chimneys, are all perfect. But, once one's eye passes along to the west and notes where Walpole began and Lady Waldegrave left off, the beauty ceases.

The house forms two sides of a square, one running east to west, the other north to south. Where these join is a round-tower, with a smaller one beside it, like the hackle of a Guard's busby. The windows of most of the principal rooms look towards the east and south, over exquisite grounds which, once on a time, sloped gently down to the Thames, for it is scarcely necessary to remark that Strawberry Hill is in Twickenham. From being the house of Lord Bradford's coachman, who built it, it became a small tenement and lodging-house, and at one time or another actors, toy-shop owners, Dukes' sons, sculptors, Bishops, Earls, Countesses, and Baronets have lived in it. It has been called a "hall," a "castle," a "house," and a "mansion," so it is more or less a "Progressive," and now only requires to be dubbed a "palace" to have done duty in every capacity. At present it is known as "The Mansion," and a very large mansion it is, with its hundred and four compartments on the ground-floor, its fifty-eight bedrooms, and its acre and a half of roof. Whether it can, strictly speaking,

be called a "homey" mansion is open to doubt, for parts of it are small, and the rooms little and low, while parts are so large that, unless filled with people, they are overpowering. The greater part of the house is covered with pebble-dash, over which grow creepers, while the west wing is of stone.

When the late Baron Stern, father of the present owner, bought the property, a good deal of the china, furniture, and a few pictures were left in it, though the bulk had been sold. At one time, indeed, over a quarter of a million pounds' worth of pictures hung on its walls, and one alone, "The Ladies Waldegrave," fetched £20,000. The entrance is just off the main-road, a short, semi-circular drive leading to the front doors, over which are Lord Waldegrave's coat-of-arms and coronet. Inside is a long passage to a square hall, and leading from this are the small dining-room, the "Waiting-room," or garden-room,

the "China Room," another small and much-used garden-room, and the "Beauty Room." Then there is the fine old wooden staircase, at the corners of which are antelopes holding shields, the supporters of Walpole's coat-of-arms. In the small dining-room is a fine fireplace, with old china plates above. In the window is a quantity of the old stained-glass, while on either side of the fireplace are marble busts, one of M. de Lesseps and the other of a lady in meagre attire. The chairs are very quaint, beautifully painted, and of great value.

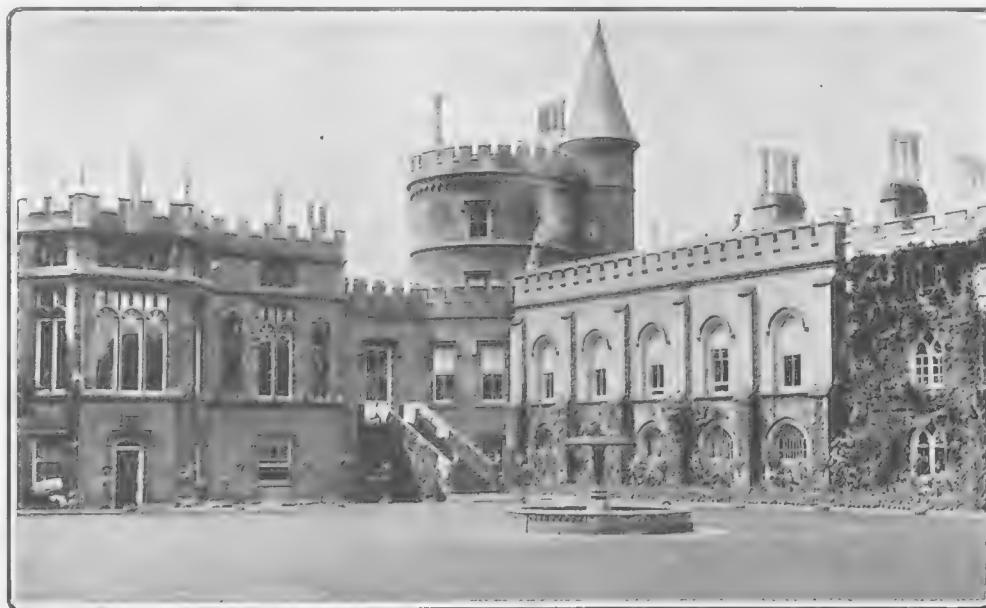
The stained and painted glass, and the fireplaces, which are extraordinarily good, are, without question, the features of the house. One in the little "China Room," which once was used by Lady Waldegrave to say her prayers in, is especially fine. The upper part of it is from a window of an ancient farm-house in Essex, formerly Bradfield Hall, belonging to Lord Grimston. The lower part is from a chimney at Hurstmonceaux, in Sussex. It is adorned with the arms of Talbot, Bridges, Sackville, and Walpole, the principal persons who have inhabited the house. The library upstairs is just as Walpole left it, with its wonderfully painted ceiling, and curious Gothic arches of pierced work, behind which are the bookshelves. These are all in the oldest part of the house; but, going west, we come to larger rooms, such as the Gallery, which is nearly sixty feet long, is most gorgeously decorated in gold network over glass, and has a wonderful ceiling. I believe, to re-gild this room would cost £500! Then, behind this, is Lady Waldegrave's

bedroom, in which are fine pieces of furniture and a splendid inlaid bureau. Next to this is Walpole's dressing-room, a hexagon with a domed ceiling, and here Napoleon's chair is kept. In the passage outside is an exquisite lace and mother-of-pearl fan, the lace-work representing the grounds of Strawberry Hill. Opposite the Gallery-doors is the door to the Circular Room, once a boudoir. This has two notable features, its beautiful fireplace of inlaid marble and its oriel window of stained glass. To the south of this is the anteroom to the ball-room, and this contains quantities of china. The ball-room itself is very large, and holds many works of art, including the colossal statue of Semiramis, huge porcelain vases from Sweden, an enormous gilt and painted box, a beautiful fireplace, and a picture by Reynolds. Opposite this room is the dining-room, capable of seating fifty persons, and here are pictures of Lord Orford and his relations. Further along the passage of the west wing is the billiard-room, in which a lovely oak cabinet has a place of honour.

Sir Herbert Stern is a lover of music, and has two enormous orchestrions in the west wing. One is so large, indeed, that it occupies two storeys, and represents a Guards band of seventy performers. It came from Covent Garden and is the largest instrument of its kind in the world.



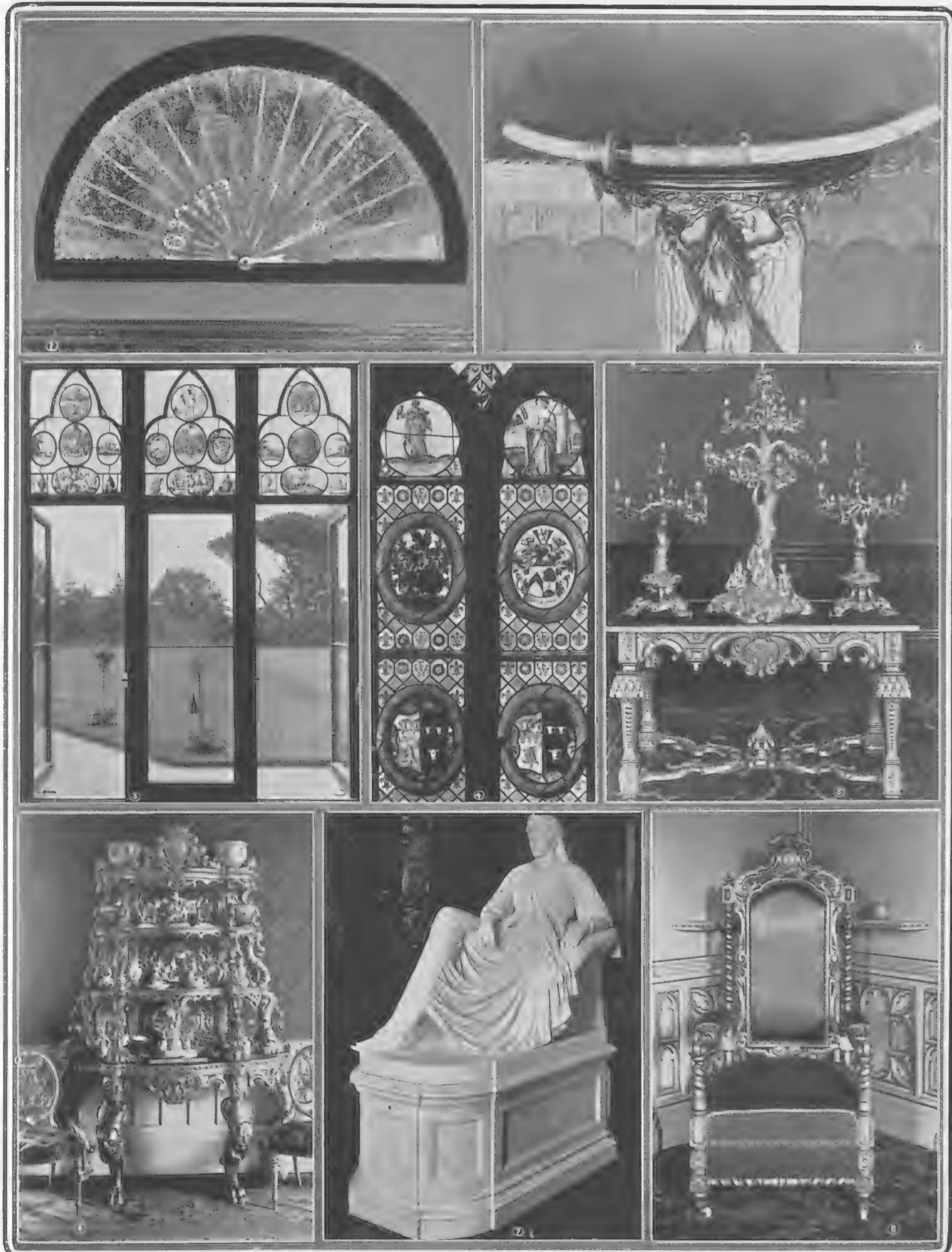
A COLLECTION OF FANS AND CURIOS IN A RECESS IN THE WALL OF "LADY WALDEGRAVE'S BEDROOM," AND STAINED GLASS BEARING A PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER CYpher.



A MANSION THAT HAS BEEN A "HALL," A "CASTLE," AND A "HOUSE": STRAWBERRY HILL, TWICKENHAM.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

VIII.—SIR HERBERT STERN, BT.—STRAWBERRY HILL, TWICKENHAM.



1. An old English point-lace fan, illustrating the gardens of Strawberry Hill.
2. An elaborately carved ivory scabbard, one of the "gods" of the house when Horace Walpole occupied it.
3. Unique and valuable windows added to the house in Walpole's time.
4. Stained-glass outside the library, showing the initials "F. W." (Frances Waldegrave).

5. Silver candelabra from Sir Julian Goldsmid's collection.
6. Priceless china in the anteroom to the ball-room.
7. A gigantic statue, by Waldo Story, which weighs twenty tons, which was dragged to Twickenham by sixteen horses, which was taken into the house by means of a staircase constructed for the purpose, and which cost £5,000.
8. Napoleon's chair, which stands in Horace Walpole's hexagonal dressing-room.

Photographs by Leonard Willoughby.



BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

The Season in Scotland. Sportsmen are beginning to reckon up the gains and losses of the season in Scotland, for its days are nearly numbered. The "antler'd monarch" of the great forests has little or nothing to fear now until next August. Even the food-supply that used to be a problem to him is a problem no longer, for when he cannot look after himself he knows full well that he will be catered for; and, in spite of the complaints made by many good judges that artificial feeding is bad for stags, because it encourages the weaker to

lower-lying land is so strong on the wing and so artful that it is almost impossible to get a sporting chance at him. The grouse season has been a good one, but has not fulfilled the promise of the earlier year. The 12th of August set in very wet, and weather remained singularly bad until Sept. 9, the day upon which I gave up the pursuit of sport in despair and returned to London. Immediately following the 9th came some good weather that lasted nearly into October, and kind friends were careful to write and tell me how the shooting had improved. One hears the usual complaints about the scarcity of black game, and doubtless, if our legislators will only leave Aug. 20th to serve as opening day for a few more years, they will cure the anxiety that sportsmen express, for there will be no black game left. On a great shoot, where the acreage is very extensive and coverts are carefully preserved, some black game are reared annually in safety, but there, as a rule, the birds are not shot before the middle of September, and hens are dealt with very lightly at all times. On the other hand, on small places that do not extend beyond a few hundred acres, or even a thousand or so, men know or fear that if birds go off their ground they will never come back. Mr. So-and-So, their near and dear neighbour, is safe to see to it; he is said to shoot grey hens before August is out. Consequently they wait no longer than the 20th of the month, and for their purposes a grey hen or a young bird that has hardly mastered the business of flying is fair mark. Now black game are stupid birds at best, and, if they were quite smart, might be excused for not knowing one class of shooting from another. That they are tending to disappear is undeniable. I know a wood by whose edge one could see black game, morning and evening, only four years ago. This year, since August set in one solitary grey hen has been observed, and never a blackcock at all.



THE VILLAGE OF "LONESOME," STREATHAM: A GENERAL VIEW.

It seems more than likely that London's deserted village will soon be a thing of the past, for a brand-new notice-board has appeared in its midst, bearing the enticing inscription, "This desirable land is for sale on building lease." The village itself was built about forty years ago, and is situated in most beautiful scenery at the bottom of Greyhound Lane, Streatham.—

Photograph by Cabburn.

survive, the results of the stalking season tend to give the complaint emphatic contradiction. Never were stags more carefully looked after than they are to-day, and yet we learn that the results of the past few months are the best for many years. If the haunches have not made any records, the heads have been remarkable, and most men whose good fortune it is to pursue the red-deer on this island are more concerned with head than haunch. A haunch passes, but a head remains, and age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of stories associated with its capture.

The Spread of Deer-Forests.

The one question of national importance in connection with the pursuit of red-deer is, of course, the spread of deer-forests. The latest available returns suggest that the addition to the forest area is becoming quite considerable year by year. It is natural enough, when we consider the limited number of forests and the ever-increasing number of wealthy men, that land-owners should succumb to the temptations that beset them. Sheep-farming is not the most profitable of all industries in these days when meat can be so cheaply imported. A forest, on the other hand, will yield from thirty to forty pounds per stag, and the rent is not difficult to obtain in a good year. So the sheep tend to disappear and the deer-forests to spread, not without a certain inevitable dislocation of native industry which is bitterly resented. It is also unfortunately true that the introduction for a month or two of an alien tenant who knows or cares nothing about the value of money or the traditions of the Highlands does not tend to improve the worthy Scots who work for him. Whole districts look to August, September, and October for sufficient profits to enable them to live with as little work as may be for the rest of the year. Moreover, it is a singularly easy thing to cheat, or, at least, to deceive, the Southerner or American who, like the lamented Mr. Pattison "Corvey Torbay," comes to the Highlands "to fish and shoot." Consciously or unconsciously, the stranger is often victimised from start to finish, sometimes in little matters, sometimes in greater ones:

The Grouse Season. On December the 10th all the grouse family will be able to retire from business, as far as their enemies behind the guns are concerned. By now the ptarmigan goes robed in white, while his red cousin of the moors has donned his effective winter-dress, and his more handsome relative of the

A Motor-Story. I must conclude by telling you the latest motor-story, although it has nothing to do with sport. It concerns the visit of the Lord-Lieutenant of a county to the county Asylum, which he had not visited for some years. He was met on arrival by the Medical Superintendent, and asked him if there had been any changes in the conduct of the place since he paid his last visit there. "Nothing of importance," replied the M.S., "except that we have been obliged, in consequence of the great spread of motoring, to keep a special ward for cases of motormania." The distinguished visitor



LONDON'S DESERTED VILLAGE: THE RUINED STREET OF "LONESOME."

—It consists of ten detached dwellings, of which one only is tenanted, the remainder being in an advanced state of decay. Trees have sent their branches into the bedroom windows, and the long, trailing blackberry has forced its way into dining-rooms and kitchens. The main-road was once sewered and made-up, but is now buried beneath a growth of weeds.

Photograph by Cabburn.

expressed his interest and surprise, and asked that the ward should be pointed out to him as he went through the establishment. He had visited several departments, and at last the doctor, unlocking a door, said, "And this, sir, is our Motor Ward." The visitor looked in and saw no fewer than forty beds; but they were all empty, and there was never a soul in sight. "Where are the patients?" he inquired; "you said the ward was full." "They are all here," replied the doctor; "but they are on their backs under the beds, tinkering with the springs."

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.



THE TRAVELLER: Are these all the sandwiches you've got to eat?

THE REFRESHMENT-ROOM ATTENDANT: I 'aven't got to eat 'em, bless yer. I've got to try and sell 'em.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE book season moves on prosperously, and there are great expectations of a flourishing Christmas trade. No new book has had an immense circulation, and perhaps no new writer has come to the front. It can hardly be said that any new novel stands out conspicuously from the rest, as, for example, "The Garden of Allah" did. But the average sales have been excellent; and this may be better, on the whole, than the fixing of the public mind on one or two volumes. The little difference between the *Times* and the Publishers' Association has, it is said, been arranged to the satisfaction of both parties. As the General Election is likely to take place in the spring, publishers will be careful.

Mr. Dent has been giving some very interesting particulars about the sale of his admirable and scholarly series, the "Temple Classics." Mr. Dent says that persistent attachment is not shown to any author, except Shakspere. The sales of his edition of Shakspere in some forty volumes are really remarkable. In the last eleven years two and a-half millions of these books have been disposed of, and every year a quarter of a million are sold, while the sale increases rather than diminishes. Mr. Dent thinks the reason that this particular Shakspere sells so well is that each play is carefully adapted for study by itself, having all the machinery in notes, glossary, and introduction carefully condensed for the student's use. Next best in the way of selling comes Dante, whose books, especially "The Inferno," have been greatly favoured in the schools during recent years. Afterwards comes the "Little Flowers of St. Francis," which continues to have a remarkably steady sale. There follows Marcus Aurelius, whose meditations have always been very popular with thoughtful readers. Then come Emerson, Lamb, and Bacon, with Arnold's Poems hard on their heels. "Cranford," Law's "Serious Call," the "Morte d'Arthur," and Carlyle's "Heroes" also occupy a good place. Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici" has not a very large company of admirers. There is a fair sale for Elizabethan dramatists, Marlowe and Webster being at the head; but the sale is, of course, very slow. On the whole, there is a constant, steady demand—not growing at the same rate as education has grown, but, still, always a steady demand for the Immortals; and Mr. Dent hesitates to say that there has been any decrease in their sales, because during the last ten years the quantity of editions published has been almost as numberless as the sands on the seashore. I am sorry to see that Mr. Dent thinks the great public wants quantity, not quality, and will buy a cheap edition, unedited and roughly bound, with no preface, frontispiece, or notes, in preference to the smaller book which has been produced with scholarly and loving care.

It is difficult to find a new idea for educational books, but a Cambridge bookseller seems to have succeeded. He intends to issue

a series of practical works of instruction in various languages—English, French, and German are named among them—which will chiefly consist of phonographic records. Systems of transliteration have failed to provide an efficient substitute for the human voice, and the phonograph may succeed in doing so. Mr. Wells has already predicted that the book of the twenty-second century will consist of a combination of the kinematograph and the gramophone. Instead of taking down a volume from the shelves of a library, the student will insert the appropriate cylinders into an apparatus equipped with an electric motor. Then, on touching a switch, he will be treated to a private dramatic performance. Happily the twenty-second century is some way off.

Canon Beeching, who is an able and incisive literary critic, has completed his task of arranging the posthumous works of the late Canon Ainger. Messrs. Macmillan will publish immediately Canon Ainger's Lectures and Essays, which are almost entirely concerned with literary subjects.

The first edition of Burns's poems was published at Kilmarnock in 1786. The impression was 600 copies, bound in blue paper covers, and the price to subscribers was 3s. each. This gave Burns the modest profit of £20, and he was thereby induced to remain in his native country and bring out a second edition. About the year 1850, copies of the Kilmarnock edition were sold at from £6 to £10, and this was considered a high price. In those days it was the custom for people to get their books neatly bound, and the edges of the leaves were cut or trimmed. Consequently, very few copies ever turned up in the original state as first issued. Out of 600 copies issued in 1786, only two copies in their primitive state have turned up in Scot-

land in recent times. One of these was sold in 1898 for £572. The other, which was for many years in the possession of a gentleman in Paisley, who purchased it for £10, was sold by him in 1903 at the price of £1,000, in order that it might be permanently placed in the Burns Cottage Museum at Ayr.

The first volume of Crabbe's works in the "Cambridge English Classics" deserves a cordial welcome. Dr. Ward, the editor, is a man who can be trusted, and he seems to have spared no pains. Fitzgerald, who was a warm admirer of Crabbe, thought that women and young people would never like him. It is scarcely a reply to say that Miss Austen was one of Crabbe's admirers. Sir Walter Scott's children, who were not remarkable for intellectual gifts, devoured Crabbe's writings, and Newman was fond of them both in youth and age. More pertinent still is the fact that Thomas Hardy was deeply influenced by Crabbe in his youth. Perhaps without Crabbe we should not have had the Wessex novels. It was Crabbe who taught Mr. Hardy that habit of searching observation which has added such precious treasures to the annals of the poor.

O. O.



Convivial Gentleman (who has stumbled against another pedestrian, and fallen): "Beashly cowards, thash what you are — both of you!"

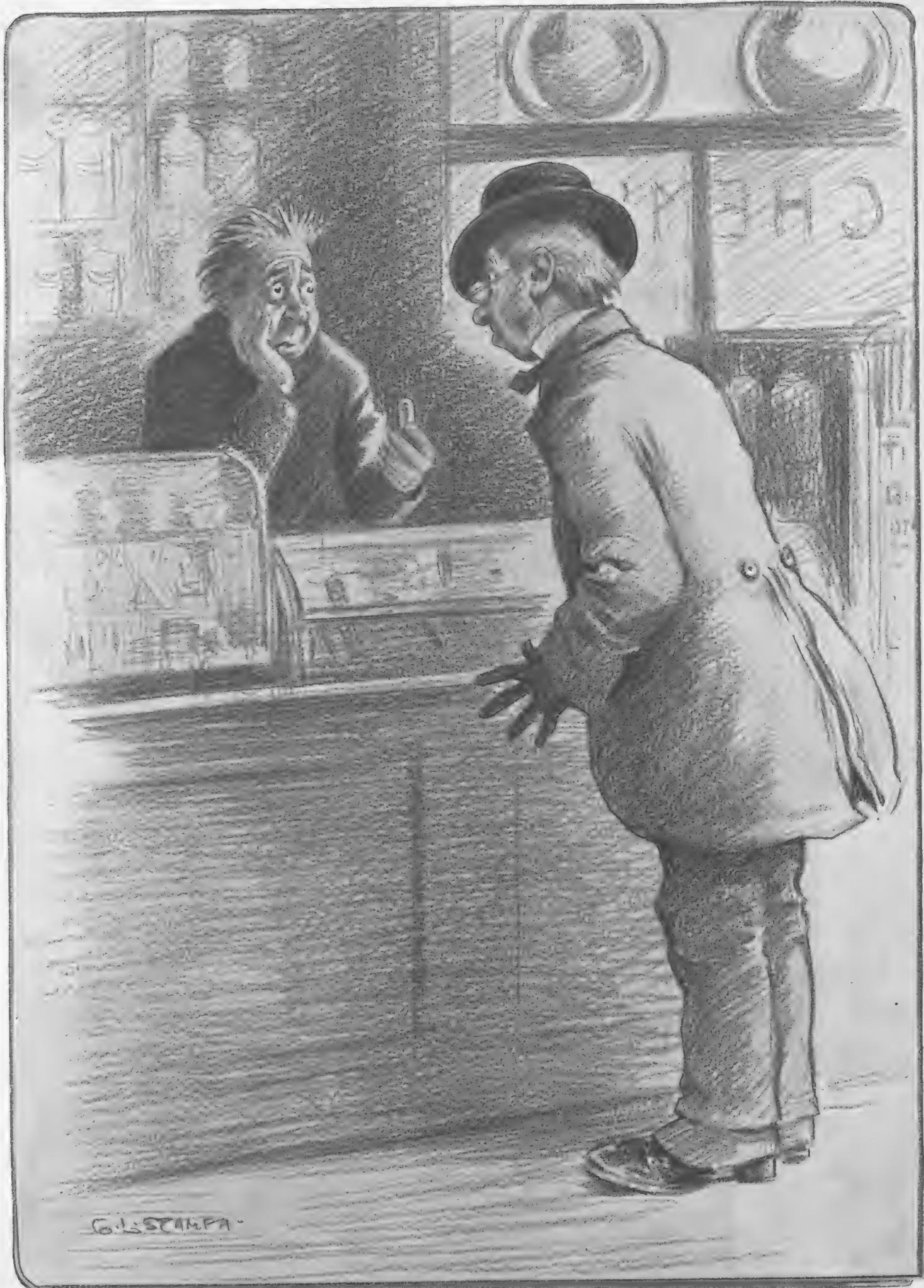
DRAWN BY C. FLEMING WILLIAMS.



IV.—THE OBSESSION OF THE DEBTOR.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

"PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF."



CUSTOMER: Have you anything you can recommend for the toothache?

CHEMIST: Yes, Sir. This is my own invention. I guarantee to cure it in seven minutes.

CUSTOMER: You seem to be suffering yourself.

CHEMIST: Something dreadful, Sir. I've had it for three days.

Two Novels in a Nutshell.

"SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY."

BY HAMILTON BUCCLEUCH.

HER age would have been difficult to fix. It might have been twenty-two, looking older, or even thirty, looking younger, for she had a girlish air, although her eyes were the eyes of a woman who sees. By no standard a beauty, yet a face and figure that made a pleasing impression of personality.

For nearly half-an-hour she had been staring absently into the Strand. At first it had seemed the most melancholy of thoroughfares, but the rain had suddenly ceased, and now the reflection from brightly lit shop-windows was turning the sodden pavements into glowing pathways for the crowds of daintily dressed and prosperous-looking matinée-goers who were pouring from theatre doorways and changing the gloom to gaiety. The echo of their laughter, the soft "swish" of silk, faint whiffs of perfume mingled with the aroma from some connoisseur's cigar, were all wafted up to the girl, whose expression had changed with the aspect of the street.

She leant forward, eagerly drinking it all in, and the flush deepened on her cheek.

"Oh," she whispered, with a quick breath, "it's wonderful, wonderful!"

A waitress banged her tray on the table and nodded familiarly.

"You do like this table, Miss; and, I will say, we see some life from it!"

The girl sat back—her grey eyes sparkled.

"Life!" she echoed. "Why, it's like hearing someone's heart beat. Yes, it is life!"

The woman with the tray smiled comprehendingly and moved off.

"Little Irisher does talk queer," she said to her companion at the counter; "but she's what I call a *real* lydy, even if she does 'ammer a typewriter for a livin'!"

The girl's eyes were still turned towards the street. Suddenly all the animation died out of her face and her lips shut tightly. On the opposite side, a gaily dressed girl, with a pretty face unsparingly powdered and painted, was standing under a bright light. She was quite young, not more than eighteen, but already her class was plainly stamped. A weak-faced man turned to look at her as he passed, and she stepped towards him, smiling.

The woman looking down clenched her small, brown hands. In the street the girl was laughing. Her full white throat gleamed as she tossed her head. The man was walking hurriedly away from her.

The girl at the window sank back wearily, with swimming eyes.

"Was it because of me?" she said to herself; "and can it be that there is a God, after all—does He know my doubts—has He seen my courage giving way, and so points the path?"

Just then a man entered the room and scanned the tables eagerly.

"Ah, there you are!" he cried, catching sight of her. "I've just been up to your office, found you'd gone, and thought I'd risk the chance of finding you here."

She smiled up at him whimsically.

"Do you want me so badly, then?"

"You know," he said, gravely, sitting down beside her, "that I want you more than anything else on earth—"

She put out her hand in protest; her lips quivered.

"You promised you wouldn't speak of that again"; then, quickly brightening, "but here comes the Abigail, and, as I've let my tea get quite cold, I'll have some more with you."

As soon as they were alone again she began to talk feverishly of the weather. He looked in front of him, drumming his fingers on the table. She glanced at his profile, and trembled to see how strong it was; her voice faltered slightly. He turned impatiently.

"It's no use, Maidie, you're trying to stave it off. I've simply got to speak. It's what I came here for to-night. This afternoon I had a cable from Calcutta—the appointment is mine, and I am to sail next week: I want you to come with me."

The girl's face was deathly white. Some people at a neighbouring table were watching them curiously. The man fixed his eyes upon them and went on talking in a level undertone.

"You told me before that you did not love me, and when I said then that I should never want a wife who did not love me—well, I believed it. Now, I take that back. I want you to marry me, with only the assurance that you love no other man. At one time I thought I could make you love me . . ."

His voice sounded husky and he hesitated. The girl's face was an open book, but he never turned or he might have read.

"Yes," he went on, steadily, "there have been times when I deluded myself into believing that I saw the dawning of it in your eyes. At last I understand it is hopeless . . ."

Her heart throbbed wildly. Did she not know—ah, so well!—how often her secret had fluttered to escape? Then, in a flash, she saw the future stretched out before her, the long, lonely, loveless years. She might never see him again—this man who was everything that her soul craved for. Her chin grew set and square. The dull monotony of her work, the dreary lodgings, the sordid pinching and saving—nothing was forgotten! All this to be weighed in the balance—against what? A promise and a sense of duty! Other women were weak—aye, and men too—and no one blamed them. Why shouldn't she? For the fraction of a second she wavered, then the memory of another scene rose before her.

A weak-faced, wild-eyed man was at her feet, pleading for a promise. "Swear to me that while I live you will never marry. You must! You owe it to me! You've robbed me of all joy in life. For two whole years you've let me believe you loved me; now you say it is a mistake and would cast me aside. I will not give you up! The knowledge that you had gone to another man would drive me straight to Hell, and you know it. Drink . . . and worse . . . is in my blood. You alone can help me. Oh! if you have any pity, any humanity left, save me!"

And she had promised!

The man at her elbow was still speaking . . .

"I shall want nothing from you that you cannot give. All I ask is that you come. It may be selfish of me, but I vow, if you marry me, to make your happiness my first thought. Now don't answer at once. Think over it for a few minutes . . ."

He picked up a magazine from a pile at his side and handed her one; but never turned his face. She took it mechanically. Ah! he was strong. How she loved him! His nearness thrilled her. And the other—so weak—so weak! She saw again the scene in the street. Surely he needed her most. Was it her belief in God returning? "A just God." Was this the price he asked for her admission

to Paradise? Her glance wandered aimlessly over the pages in front of her, and, without comprehending, she began to read some verse—

Food and drink and a wife,
And a round of mean little pleasures,
With never the thought of a life
Set to statelier measures.

Her attention was arrested—

Never felt the power of a love
Reaching the limits of being.

Her pulses beat the rhythm—

Never saw the lights that shine
Above the level of common-day seeing.

Never felt the strength of a scorn
That rises against meanness;
Never felt ashamed before the morn,
With her dewdrops and her greenness

She read to the end—

Oh, the mean little souls!
Oh, the curse everlasting
That over a mean little universe rolls,
And finds nobody fasting!

Her eyes were like the lights that burn before an altar. It was the moment of renunciation. "Fasting"! Yes; she, at least, would be found "fasting"! Her promise would never be broken.

When she spoke her voice amazed her. It was calm and gentle, but quite cold.

"I am very sorry, Philip. What you ask is impossible, so to-night must mean good-bye for us. I will not try to thank you—I cannot, and you will not wish it."

His face whitened, but he made no sign.

"Do you want your bill, sir?"

He nodded and took it silently. They were alone again. The air was dense with tragedy. Presently he pulled out his watch and looked at it.

"Shall we go now?"

His voice sounded strangely like her own. She rose, and they walked downstairs together. When they reached the street he called a hansom and put her in it.

"I am leaving for Paris to-night, so it is good-bye now."

"Good-bye," she said, dully, and shivered in the wind. The light was dying out of her eyes.

He gave her address to the driver and raised his hat.

"Take good care of yourself!" he called.

But the rattle of wheels drowned his voice, together with the convulsive sob in the hansom.

He took a step backwards and collided with two people on the pavement—one, a weak-faced man with wild eyes; the other a girl, young and pretty notwithstanding the powder and paint. He murmured an apology. The girl laughed, and her full white throat gleamed as she tossed her head.

He stood still and idly watched them out of sight, then slowly turned towards the station.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

BY F. STEWART.

SHE was twenty and he was seventy when they married. The disparity of age was appalling, and everyone foretold a lamentable ending to their marriage. But as time passed on and dismal prognostications remained unfulfilled, people forgot to wonder and gossip, and only remembered how sensible it had been of Lucille Duphot to forget Sir James Marden's years in consideration of the manifold advantages he could offer her. She had badly needed a friend when he had offered her a husband. She was the niece of Mademoiselle Duphot, an old schoolmistress at Rugby who had died leaving her niece her blessing and a few pounds with which to fight the world. The Vicar and his wife had interested themselves on her behalf, or rather, would have done so had not Sir James anticipated them, caught, as the Vicar's wife, who was every inch a female, had it, by a pretty face, and she hoped (this with an emphasis that fully expressed the difficulty of taking an optimistic view) that he wouldn't regret it.

But, if external evidence counted for anything, neither of them had regretted it. They were the happiest-looking couple in Warwickshire, and if at first Sir James had fretted if some word of the current gossip had reached him, he had long since ceased worrying over the possibility that his happiness was not shared by his wife. And now—for good or bad—it was all over. He sat in her sitting-room, dully piecing together the past; striving to assuage the anguish of the present by remembrance of the golden hours that lay behind him. He had had but one desire when he married her, and that had been to make her happy. And his desire had not been denied him. Not in vain had he given her fair raiment and jewels, anticipated her unvoiced desires. Not in vain had he adored her with an intensity that startled him. She had learned to love him. Love! But could four little letters express the feeling with which he had regarded her—with which he still regarded her? To him she still lived. Death was for the old—the ill. He could not associate it with her radiant presence.

Now, as he sat alone with the pretty, foolish things she had so loved in luxurious disarray about him, he found it more and more difficult to realise that he would never see her pretty face flash into laughter again, never again hear her light footsteps. He could not realise it. There had been no preparation. Only that morning she had ridden past the windows of his study, smiling and waving

her hand at him—and two hours later they had brought her back on a hurdle with her neck broken!

The West was growing red; a dazzle of light poured into the room where he sat staring foolishly before him. They had driven him away from her side, and, difficult as it had been to realise that she was dead when she lay still before him, it was almost impossible when he could no longer see her. The cruelty and needlessness of her death maddened him. She had been so happy—so gloriously happy! At first he had been afraid—he so old and she so young. Better have left her to fight the world; he had felt as if he had cheated her of her youth and its attendant rights, but time had allayed his apprehensions, and, as he sat in the twilight, some alleviation of grief was his as he remembered that her short married life had been full of happiness.

He wandered aimlessly about the room, noting as he passed her writing-table a pile of letters addressed in her dreadful handwriting. Himself difficult, fastidious (a trifle pedantic, it must be owned), his wife's scrawl, with its predilection for ascent and descent, had often annoyed him. Even now, with the salt in his eyes blinding him, he noticed it as he picked up the letters. The top one was addressed to A. Clayton, Esq. He dully wondered who A. Clayton, Esq., was, and also whether one ought to post letters from the dead. He decided in the negative, and resumed his restless pacing of the room. Peace of a sort came to him. She was twenty when he married her: twenty-five this year, when she lay dead; but those five years had been cloudless, and he knew that she had never regretted her marriage. In this knowledge lay an anodyne of his agony. He picked up the pile of letters. He could not destroy them, for love of her late touch; in honour he could not open them—and one does not post letters from the dead. He locked them up.

"I cannot bear my life here any longer," so ran her last letter but one to A. Clayton, Esq. "If I could spare him, I would—he has been so good to me . . . so good. But he is old, and I am young, and life is lived but once. I will write again if I decide to come to you . . ." But her writing availed nothing, for letters from the dead are not posted, and A. Clayton, Esq., puzzled and perplexed, waited in vain until he read the obituary notice inserted in the *Times* by Sir James Marden.

THE END.



THE special value of a play for the purpose of exploiting and exhibiting an actor's talent was strikingly demonstrated by "The Old Jew," which, in accordance with the arrangement announced in *The Sketch*, was produced at the Coronet Theatre on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. The strength of Mr. Hare's individuality, the mastery of his authority, and his command of technique are all qualities with which the playgoing public has long been familiar, for they have ministered to its enjoyment. It would be difficult, however, to name any part in which they have all been exhibited to more striking advantage, combined with that power of "composing" a character in which Mr. Hare excels. The members of his Company all contributed to the success of the performance, notably Mr. Charles Groves, Mr. Leslie Faber, and Miss Sybil Carlisle.



HOPE MERRICK'S (MRS. LEONARD MERRICK) ONE-ACT PLAY, "JIMMY'S MOTHER," AT THE SCALA: MISS GERTRUDE BURNETT, WHO PLAYED HANNAH FORD IN THE INCORPORATED STAGE SOCIETY'S PRODUCTION.

The programme of the Incorporated Stage Society's first production of the season included "Jimmy's Mother" and "Dodo: A Detail of Yesterday," by E. F. Benson.

Photograph by Langfier.

to-morrow evening; when a programme made up of three plays will be given by the newly formed dramatic society under the direction of Miss Amy Coates. The plays are "The Pierrot of the Minute," by Mr. Ernest Dowson, "Kathleen ni Houlihan," by Mr. W. B. Yeats, and "The Matchmaker," by Miss Edith Wheeler. The proceeds of the entertainment are to be devoted to the repayment of a loan on a piano at Cornwall Hall, North Kensington, and applications for tickets, which may be bought for five shillings, half-a-crown, and a shilling, may be made to Miss Coates, 9, King Street, Kensington, and to Miss Ethel Peck, 131, Regent Street. "Kathleen ni Houlihan," *Sketch* readers will recollect, was one of the items in the bill of the Irish National Theatre Society entertainment at St. George's Hall yesterday and Monday.

The restoration of the Princess's Theatre to the service of the drama may now be regarded as an accomplished fact, as it has been taken by Mr. E. Dagnall, who intends to make it the home of melodrama, and thus bid for the *clientèle* which used to frequent the Adelphi in the old days. That there exists a public for strong drama strenuously acted no one who watches the progress of plays in any of the West-End houses can possibly doubt. The moment the scene deals with anything vital and dramatic the audience literally "eats it," as the argot of the Green-room has it. This is not wonderful, for strength and vitality are the energy-giving forces of the world, and never fail to make their stimulating appeal whenever and wherever they are exhibited, either within the four walls of the theatre or outside them.

The outcome of Mr. Dagnall's venture will be watched with the keenest interest by that section of the community which lives behind the curtain, for, wherever actors congregate and express an opinion, they seem to be universal in the belief that the time has come when melodrama—well written, well acted, and well produced—is eagerly waited for by the public, which has been fed overlong on the kickshaws of the theatrical table.

Already Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Arthur Shirley, past-masters in the art of melodrama, have undertaken to write a new play for the house, which will be opened about Easter, by which time the extensive alterations, involving practically the rebuilding and redecoration of the theatre, will be completed.

"The Housekeeper" will finish an eight weeks' run at the St. James's on Friday next, when Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's season at that theatre closes. This little farce, written expressly for Mr. and Mrs. Kendal by Metcalfe Wood and Beatrice Heron-Maxwell, provides the famous actor and actress with excellent opportunities for the display of brilliant comedy-acting, and shows them at their best. They are taking it on tour in the spring, and open at Brighton on Feb. 4.

The St. James's will remain closed for three weeks preparatory to being opened on Dec. 21 by Mr. William Mollison with "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," with which he has had a gratifying success in the provinces. Mr. Mollison will be associated with a specially selected Company, including Mr. Frank Cooper, fresh from his great success at Drury Lane, Mr. Charles Groves, who has been repeating his magnificent performance of Uncle Gregory, in "A Pair of Spectacles," with Mr. Hare, Mr. Sydney Brough, Mr. Henry Ainley, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Lettice Fairfax, and Miss May Harvey, who has been too infrequently seen on the West-End stage of late, owing to her ill-health, which culminated, it will be remembered, when she had to give up her part in the middle of a performance for the Stage Society.

With the end of the present week the run of "Sherlock Holmes," and consequently of Mr. William Gillette's engagement at the Duke of York's Theatre, will be brought to a close. This result is, it need hardly be said, due to the necessity of preparing for the revival of "Peter Pan" on or about the 11th inst., with Miss Cecilia Loftus in the part created by Miss Nina Boucicault, who will soon be seen at the Haymarket Theatre. Of the other original representatives of the



THE LONDON HIPPODROME'S NEW SPECTACLE: MR. BERT GILBERT AS KING ENCYCLOPS IN "AMONG THE STARS."

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

chief parts, Miss Dorothea Baird will be succeeded by Miss Enid Spencer-Brunton, but in practically all other respects the characters will be acted by those who played them in the first instance, so that Miss Pauline Chase, Mr. George Shelton, and Mr. Gérald du Maurier will all be welcomed back.



KEY-NOTES

NIKISCH is assuredly one of the finest conductors in Europe, and his presence is always looked forward to with much enjoyment by musical amateurs. It had been announced that he was to appear last Thursday (Nov. 23) as conductor of the second Queen's Hall London Symphony Concert. He has been, however, compelled to go to Leipsic, on account of his appointment there as chief conductor. Leipsic's gain is London's loss. We shall, nevertheless, have a new experience when Herr Peter Raabe makes his way in the favour, or in the disfavour, of the English public. Herr Raabe took the place of Weingartner at Munich, even as Weingartner, with certain intervals, took the place of Richard Strauss at the same opera-house. No doubt Leipsic will be the better for Nikisch's conducting; but, at the same time, that which is given to the world is lost to individual concert-houses.

Richard Strauss has been bold enough in music; in fact, so bold that many critics of intelligence have placed him carefully into that region which may be known as "the home of the impossibles." A great many other artists, quite apart from Richard Strauss, have been sent to the same home. But it is not right that, when many critics are in favour of the most audacious things of Richard Strauss, his music should be rejected simply because he has written the music to the libretto of the most unfortunate man who ever lived in modern times. The book of "Salomé" may or may not be great, but we are convinced that Richard Strauss, with his intensely modern spirit of music, must have felt the essence of the drama before he set himself to compose music for it. The only possible reason one can see for the rejection of the work is that it is concerned with more or less intimate subjects dealing with the origin of Christianity. One may point out, however, that the most censorious country in the world permitted Mr. Stephen Phillips's play "Herod," which deals precisely with the same subject, to be acted night after night at His Majesty's Theatre.

Referring, however, to this particular subject, there is this to be said in favour of the rejection of the opera: that, if it is likely to offend the religious susceptibilities of the public, it should not for decency's sake be presented publicly. At the same time, one has to remember that convention is entirely different from actuality; and it is because so many people mingle the two ideas together that Strauss's "Salomé" is condemned in Europe precisely at the same time as Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is condemned in America.

Miss Elsa Wagner, a pupil of Joachim, gave her first Violin Recital a few days ago at the Bechstein Hall. She is a clever player who will certainly improve in style and in public favour as she gains experience. She has considerable brilliance

of style, and plays with a full-hearted gaiety which is most attractive. Our very old friend, Wieniawski's Fantasia on "Faust," was included in her programme, and she played it capitally: we cannot resist complaining, however, that this particular work should be invariably included among the repertory of young violinists; there are surely many other show-pieces—for a show-piece this undoubtedly is—which might be taken up by young players instead of this work, which in time seems to be unutterably boring. Miss Wagner, however, played Joachim's "Romance" remarkably well, and in a Ballad Suite by Mr. Schjelderup she was also praiseworthy. We do not say for a moment that Miss Wagner has yet attained the position of a really great and fine artist; she is developing, and we have no doubt that before long she will prove herself to be a player of value. Her first appearance, at any rate, was extremely successful, and we have no doubt that, with a little practice, she will make her way with no uncertain effect in the musical world.

No man is a prophet in his own country. The problem of the unemployed remains unsolved, and there is nobody in the artistic world who would dream of taking up that cause from any musical point of view. But there happens to have been a series of earthquakes upon the distant shores of Calabria: nine people out of ten will not be able to inform any questioner as to where Calabria is. One knows that it is a province somewhere in Italy; one knows also that the inhabitants have, no doubt, suffered great trouble by reason of the upheaval which the forces of Nature have made. Madame Melba, with

her uniform generosity, however, has attracted us to the attention which is supposed to be necessary for the unfortunate people who have been in many ways impoverished by these recent earthquakes. The consequence was that, on Sunday, Nov. 19, a Concert, under

her particular patronage, was given at Covent Garden in aid of the sufferers from the Calabrian earthquake. It is difficult not to remember a certain character in one of Dickens's novels who was for ever collecting funds for the conversion of Africans, while the fact that her children were clamouring for clothes and immediate necessities at her own door was disregarded as a matter of small importance. Now, we do not for a moment compare the splendidly generous singer who has given a large sum of money towards the fund for the unemployed in our own country with that particular character; but we do think that, had there been an earthquake in, let us say, such a town as Manchester or Sheffield, it would not have been likely that any funds would have been sent



SEÑOR JOSÉ GOMEZ, WHO IS TO GIVE A CONCERT AT THE STEINWAY HALL ON THE 6th OF DECEMBER.

Señor Gomez, a violinist who has won very considerable success in London since he came here in May, was born at Sabell. He studied at the Conservatoire at Barcelona and also in Italy, and he has been appearing in the principal Continental cities for several years.

Photograph by the Press Studio.

Mr. Donald Francis Tovey (Pianoforte).



Dr. Joseph Joachim
(First Violin).

Prof. Robert Hausmann
(Violoncello).

Prof. Emmanuel Wirth
(Viola).

Prof. Carl Halir
(Second Violin).

THE JOACHIM QUARTET, NOW IN THIS COUNTRY.

The veteran Dr. Joachim and the other members of the Joachim Quartet began a series of five Beethoven Concerts on the 21st of this month at the Bechstein Hall.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders.

to the unfortunate people who suffered therefrom from one citizen of Calabria. The point need not be pressed further; it need only be added that the concert was a magnificent success.—COMMON CHORD.



COUNTY AUTOMOBILE CLUBS—A COUNTY CLUB FOR ESSEX—DUNLOPS—NEW SIX-CYLINDER CARS—CONCERNING ARGYLLS, LIMITED, AT OLYMPIA—
A FLOATING CLUB-HOUSE FOR THE MOTOR-YACHT CLUB—THE DE DIETRICH AND A CHALLENGE—A SILENT CAR.

THE cause of automobilism will be strengthened throughout the country if really good County Automobile Clubs are formed, and formed by the right people. Prominent members of county society who motor should lead in this matter, for it is from people of their own status who do not that the prejudice and injustice arise. In order that only County Clubs that by their membership are entitled to such distinctive titles shall come into existence, the Automobile Club should have the power of vetoing associations which assume titles to which they really have no claim, and which are promoted by Tom, Dick, and Harry for their own glorification.

The above note is suggested by the fact that the correct sort of County Automobile Club has just been inaugurated in connection with the county of Essex, and that at a meeting of a large and influential Provisional Committee, comprising many leading county notabilities, from the Earl of Warwick downwards, held lately at the Great Eastern Hotel, it was resolved to convene a general meeting of Essex automobilists, at the Great Eastern Hotel, Bishopsgate Street, to-day, at four p.m. If any automobilist resident in Essex has not heard of the proposed Club, and should open his *Sketch* in time, he will be false to his salt if he fails to support the meeting by his presence or by wire, and the County Club, formed for the defence of his liberties, by his membership. The Hon. Secretary *pro tem.* is G. C. Tijou, Esq., 26, Great Tower Street, E.C.

The ever-increasing popularity of Dunlop tyres was evinced at Olympia particularly, where it was quite an exception to see a well-known make of car without its wheels carrying the now very familiar segmentally cross-cut covers. From one who has taken a tyre census at the Show I learn that 271 more Dunlop tyres than any other make

were fitted to cars in the Exhibition. This is an increase of 151 over last year, and it is generally gratifying if only for the reason that automobilists and automobile constructors are pinning their faith to home products more and more as time goes on.

The Napier people are clearly not to have the six-cylinder field all to themselves. The Rolls-Royce has, of course, been before the public now for some time, and has met with conspicuous favour, but at Olympia I noticed a Standard six-cylinder, a Belsize six-cylinder, and the much-paragraphed six-cylinder Panhard. Now that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery is generally conceded, and Mr. Montagu Napier

may take some credit to himself for having set the fashion so early in this particular. The purchaser who can afford the price and wants something as near perfection as possible will never hesitate to take a six-cylinder car in preference to a four, for the bogie of extra

complication and unequal ignition has been quite swept away by the adoption of magneto or accumulator synchronised ignition.

Full-sized or reduced working models were somewhat neglected at the Exhibition that has just closed its doors at West Kensington. The firm who sought to convey the working of their car-mechanism throughout in the most complete and comprehensive manner was Argyll Motors, Limited, who had one of their 20-22 horse-power chassis raised off the ground, and the mechanism rotated by means of an electric motor. The walls of the cylinders and valve-chambers and the sides of the crank-chamber were cut away in places, while the gear-box cover and part of the back-axle casing was removed in such a way that the operation of all the parts could be most clearly followed by those possessing the least possible mechanical training. This Company had also a most interesting display of loose parts.

The Motor-Yacht Club will do its members excellently well during the coming season, for the late Admiralty yacht *Enchantress* has been chartered by the Club and is to be used as a floating Club-house on Southampton Water. This magnificent vessel is eminently suited for the purpose, as she is already fitted with a large number of state-rooms.

Nothing so fully convinces the outside public of the reliability of a car as the fact that those who handle it are willing to put it to the test at any time and by any means. Now Messrs. Jarrott and Letts have so much faith in the De Dietrich cars that they

are offering £100 in prizes to paid drivers of these cars under the following conditions: Fifty pounds will be presented to the paid driver looking after any 1902, 1903, 1904, or 1905 De Dietrich who can present the best owner-certified repairs and renewals records for six consecutive months, and £50 will be awarded under the same conditions to the paid driver who is responsible for any De Dietrich car of the 1906 type. A distance record, also owner-certified, must be sent in, and the awards will be made on the basis of upkeep per running mile. Petrol and lubricating oil are excepted, but tyre expenditure counts against the driver.

It would appear that a motor-car can run too silently—for some people, at least. Only a few days ago a handsome cab driver, whose horse had swerved as a car passed it from behind, complained bitterly that his fiery, untamed London-street mustang had been scared to death by that beastly quiet thing!

Truly we motorists are like the old man crossing the bridge with his ass and son—we cannot please everybody. It remains to be said that the naughty quiet car was a 12-16 horse-power Humber, which did not appear a bit ashamed of its absence of rattle.



"SEYMOUR HICKS II.": MR. STANLEY BRETT, BROTHER OF MR. SEYMOUR HICKS, ON HIS 20-40 H.P. FIAT WITH RACING BODY.

Photograph by Bassano.

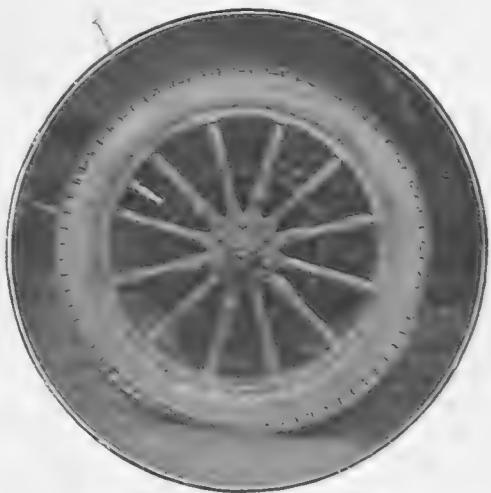


THE SECURITAS TYRE ON TRIAL: CROSSING A BLUE-FLINT ROAD.

As may be gathered from the method of construction adopted, and noted under our other illustration, the Securitas is, to all intents and purposes, unpuncturable. This was well proved by the way it passed over a newly laid blue-flint road encountered by accident during a recent trial. Deflation is possible only if something goes wrong with the inner tube or with the valves, unlikely contingencies.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

may take some credit to himself for having set the fashion so early in this particular. The purchaser who can afford the price and wants something as near perfection as possible will never hesitate to take a six-cylinder car in preference to a four, for the bogie of extra



A PNEUMATIC TYRE THAT BECOMES SOLID IF PUNCTURED: THE SECURITAS.

In this tyre, a pneumatic tube is encased in the rim of the wheel, and resting on the tube and held in place by metal "cheeks" is a girder-shaped solid tyre some two inches thick. It is, of course, practically unpuncturable, but if by any means the inner tube is deflated the tyre becomes solid automatically, and no damage beyond a slight decrease in speed is caused.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



NATIONAL HUNT PROSPECTS—THE ENTRIES—ANTE-POST BETTING—MR. GEORGE VERRALL—THE CLASSICS OF 1906.

GIVEN open weather, the steeplechase season should be a good one, as many leading flat-race owners intend to patronise the winter sport. Lord Sefton, Lord Derby, and Lord Dalmeny will run horses under National Hunt Rules, and I believe the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Howard de Walden will have the attention of some of their flat-racers turned to the jumping business. Captain Dewhurst has a full stable of jumpers at Newmarket, including some very smart animals owned by Lord Dudley. Sir Charles Nugent is expected to be very busy with the Cranborne-trained horses. Frank Hartigan has given up riding, and he is now training several useful jumpers; while his uncles, Mr. Garrett Moore and Mr. Willie Moore, both prepare horses for the cross-country sport. The Epsom stables are filled with jumpers, good, bad, and indifferent; and Lewes will send out many a competitor for the big prizes to be won after the New Year; while the evergreen and ever-ready Mr. E. Woodland will see to it that the selling-races are well contested with drafts from his big string of platers. The Chichester stables will be to the fore presently, and the Midland trainers will, no doubt, cover the ground near home, as usual. We have a few, a very few, good professional jockeys riding under National Hunt Rules, but there are available several useful amateurs who delight to train and ride their own horses in steeplechases. All that is needed to make the sport hum is a little more liability on the part of the bookmakers, Messrs. Short, Odds, and Co.

Within six weeks of the present time the entries for the Spring Handicaps will be due, so that amateur vaticinators will not have very long to wait before they once more dive into the form-books with a view to finding the merry little double. Indeed, Continental List men are already offering big prices against anyone finding the winners of the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National before the entries are published. Some men are lucky enough to spot the double, and some are very near without quite getting there. The most remarkable case that ever came under my notice was that of two brothers who were living at Uxbridge, I think, in the year 1887. They each had a double-event bet. The one coupled the winner of the Lincoln Handicap with the second in the Grand National, while the other selected the winner of the Grand National and the second in the Lincoln Handicap. Alec Taylor's uncle, together with many other dwellers in the neighbourhood of Calne and Marlborough, landed huge sums in double-events when Isonomy won the Manchester November Handicap. The name of the other horse I have unfortunately forgotten. Two brothers landed a double which amounted to £5,000, and they immediately proceeded to invest the money in local bank shares at £9 per share. The shares are now worth £42 each!

It is difficult to get anything like a reliable list of prices on future events nowadays. A big bookie told me recently that customers

claim to have certain prices about horses because they are published in the papers, but he added, "I, for one, do not lay paper prices, because I do not know where they come from." It is more difficult than ever to get a record of the actual transactions that take place in the Clubs, as many of these represent only the covering transactions of the Continental List men. With regard to the last-named, it is

not possible once in ten times to get the prices about favourites they publish in their own lists, for the simple reason that they bind customers down to receive the price quoted on the day their letters arrive in Holland. I think the getting rid of the apprentice allowance in big handicaps will, to a certain extent, revive ante-post betting so far as these items are concerned; but what we want is bookmakers who will display a little pluck in the matter of laying fair prices. On several occasions of late we have seen big races won by a hot favourite who had not been mentioned in the lists for at least a month.

The thanks of racegoers are due to Mr. G. H. Verrall for a series of articles on the Jockey Club and its doings. Mr. Verrall is an outspoken critic, and he is well qualified to speak on racing law, as he has been an official for nearly half-a-century. Mr. Verrall is the Conservative candidate for the Newmarket Division, and he is very likely to make a good show at the General Election, as he has put in a lot of work speechifying in the Turf metropolis and the surrounding villages. He is a good speaker and a ready reasoner, and he does not lose his temper when he is heckled by his audience. Mr. Verrall acts as auctioneer to the Gatwick, Lewes, and Alexandra Park meetings. He owns a gold hammer which he carried with him for years, to use the first time he sold a horse at over 1,000 guineas. Strange to relate, when an animal fetched that sum under the hammer, at Gatwick, some few years back, the gold hammer had been left at Newmarket, to the chagrin of the popular auctioneer.

It is expected that Lally will be the winter favourite for the Derby of 1906, and it is worthy of note that he is not to be sold when Captain Purefoy thins out his stable. Lally is not entered for the Two Thousand Guineas, but he has an engagement in the Newmarket Stakes. Admirable Crichton is engaged in the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, and so is Black Arrow. The last-named may benefit from a long rest, but I do not think that he will stand any chance with Lally at Epsom. Flair is engaged in the Derby, One Thousand, and Oaks, and I should think she would run in the two races restricted to fillies, in which, by-the-bye, she can meet Colonia, who is also in the Derby. I think Flair, if started, would win the One Thousand, but she may not be able to beat Waterflower in the Oaks if the latter is all right on the day of the race. It is expected at Newmarket that Gingal will go very close for the Two Thousand. The colt ran but moderately as a two-year-old, but he is capable of improvement, and it is hoped that he will turn out a good stayer. CAPTAIN COE.



A BLACK CORDED POODLE WHO IS ON THE WAY TO A CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS NETTIE LEVY'S "JAPAN."

"Japan" is a notable young dog, and, according to the experts, is well on his way to a championship. Since his first show appearance at Richmond last year, when he took a third prize, he has met with success at Cruft's, at the Botanic Gardens, and at Westminster, where he was an easy first. His parents are Zou-Zon and Tiny.

Photograph by Killick and Abbot.

as auctioneer to the Gatwick, Lewes, and Alexandra Park meetings. He owns a gold hammer which he carried with him for years, to use the first time he sold a horse at over 1,000 guineas. Strange to relate, when an animal fetched that sum under the hammer, at Gatwick,



THE KING'S VISIT TO HIS MASTER OF THE HORSE: THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S FAMOUS RIDING-SCHOOL AT WELBECK ABBEY.

Photograph by Kirk. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

A GOOD many columns have been written and speeches made on the unexampled spectacle of seven thousand able-bodied men parading their poverty-stricken condition through the West-End streets of London recently. Stimulated as national sympathy has been by the kindly impulse of our generous-hearted Queen, one still cannot help realising that funds, however plentiful, come to an



DRESS IN THE MUSIC-HALLS: AN ELABORATE COSTUME MADE FOR MISS HARRIET VERNON (WHO IS NOW APPEARING AT THE TIVOLI) BY SWAN AND EDGAR.

Photograph by Russell.

end, and that the apparent helplessness of England to grapple with the yearly increasing burden of her unemployed is a question that grows and grows, and must be reckoned with sooner or later. Our Poor-laws are denounced by some politicians. One hears nothing but criticisms of the officialism and the expensive machinery of pauper relief, and the method of its administration which makes the "workhouse" shunned by the decent poor and peopled by the lazy. Another authority undertakes to demonstrate that half or more of the "out of works" are professional loafers who might be turned into useful workers were the drastic but efficient system of the German penal colony applied to vagrants and idlers as it is in the Fatherland. A last argument which must slowly force its inevitability on the most unwilling, however, is that a measure of Protection is bound to come if the British workman is to remain a wage-earner; and perhaps, when Party cries and claptrap have done their worst, the pressure of circumstances must force common-sense on this reluctant nation and its present quixotic code. The poor we shall, indeed, always have with us, but not, one hopes, to the extent of processions of starving men, women, and children in the richest and most prosperous city of the modern world.

As we are fond of object-lessons in this realistic age, one of our play-writers might deal with the problem advantageously, and one can picture Mr. Bernard Shaw, having accomplished "Mrs. Warren," turning to "other ethics," and employing his extraordinary versatility in transforming Mile End Road into a practical Utopia.

A propos, those two pretty white frocks which Miss Lillah McCarthy wears so effectively in "Man and Superman," at the Court, are the work of a clever Parisian dressmaker in the Boulevard des Capucines. Her third-Act frock of white mouseline, with its undulating bands of silk-embroidered tulle, is matched in daintiness by Miss Sarah Brooke's elaborations of hat, white cloak, and costume,

from which one's attention is torn by the brilliance of her "lines" and acting—a circumstance which is not, by the way, infrequently reversed in the gorgeously gowned but not over-inspired pieces that one commonly sees nowadays.

Who says that our trusty and Transatlantic cousins are the only ones with whom the cult of advertising is a fine art, in view of the fact that a Laundry, look you, has been responsible for a Grafton Gallery gathering with Benoist to do the tea, Herr Wurms' white-clad Viennese to make music, and quite a thousand visitors more or less "smart" to inspect the week's wash of the most enterprising, most properly prosperous, and entirely successful White Heather Laundry! At Stoneleigh Park the question of producing perfectly "got up" linen that is neither bad in colour nor bleached by chemicals has been solved, and men to whom no dictionary has been explicit enough in expletives, and women who have wept over torn lace and mangled cambric, may dry their eyes and ever after hold their peace if their linen is committed to the care of the White Heather directorate, which is in the hands of one-time undergraduates who conduct operations with all the *éclat* of Oxford and culture of Cambridge as applied to damask and *dessous*!

Were clothes ever so fascinating as they are in this year of grace? Certainly never more so now that everybody is garmented in velvet, furred in sable and ermine, be-laced, be-feathered, be-jewelled—in lace that is only tolerated if real, in feathers that are enriched by art beyond the growing power of any ostrich, in jewels that are marvels of taste as well as mere vulgar value. The world grows wealthy



A SEAL COAT TRIMMED WITH LACE AND EMBROIDERY AT MESSRS. GEORGE POLAND AND SON'S, OXFORD STREET.

space, moreover, and the number of people who do everything, go everywhere—or as everywhere as they can!—and dress opulently is an ever-increasing quantity.

A friend wrote me the other day, in moving terms of indignation, on the duplicity of a dealer in furs who sold her the skin of a tabby or unclassed animal for aristocratic ermine. This deceiver of confiding woman being left behind at Buda Pesth, nothing

in the shape of redress was possible, and only unavailing lamentations remained. A moral may, however, be drawn from this touching tale, and the unwise of buying valuables like fur and jewellery from unknown traders at different points of the compass when sterling worth and reputation are to be had in transactions nearer home pointed out. In this connection we may mention the sketch of a smart fur coat adorning our pages this week, for which Poland, of 190, Oxford Street, is responsible. In the finest dyed musquash this garment may be had for twenty guineas, or in best Alaska seal for forty guineas. It can, moreover, be advantageously borne in mind that, above all things, the genuineness and high quality of furs bought from Poland and Son, who are furriers to the Queen, may be counted on. The value of a correct definition in these days of high-falutin' styles and titles, when every girl is a lady and every jack-daw a peacock, cannot be too strongly realised, and with Poland's furs one not only buys good furs but gets them.

Pink dinners, mauve dinners, yellow dinners strike a new note in the art of entertaining this winter, and a few hostesses who aim at setting a fashion have developed the idea even to dressing in harmony with the colour-scheme of their banquets. Thus, at a dinner given in Pont Street this week, the long table, exquisitely set forth in Neapolitan and Parma violets shown up by glittering bowls and cups and vases of silver, was headed by the handsome hostess beautifully arrayed in satin and chiffon reproducing the tones of both flowers, while broad bands of silver and gold sequin embroidery brilliantly completed an ideal costume. In the same way, a yellow chrysanthemum dinner was very effectively carried out by a well-known American hostess with a Doucet frock of yellow velvet trimmed with fringes of silk chrysanthemum petals. An afternoon-gown of chocolate-coloured velvet, with little ruchings of

Amongst them are "Creep a little closer, do," words by Clifton Bingham, music by H. Trotter; "Nature's Lullaby," words by Clifton Bingham, music by Noel Johnston; "Who will serve the King?" from "Knights of the Road," by Henry A. Lytton and A. C. Mackenzie; "Through the Orchard," words by Rutland Barrington, music by Barter Johns; and compositions for the organ by J. T. Field.



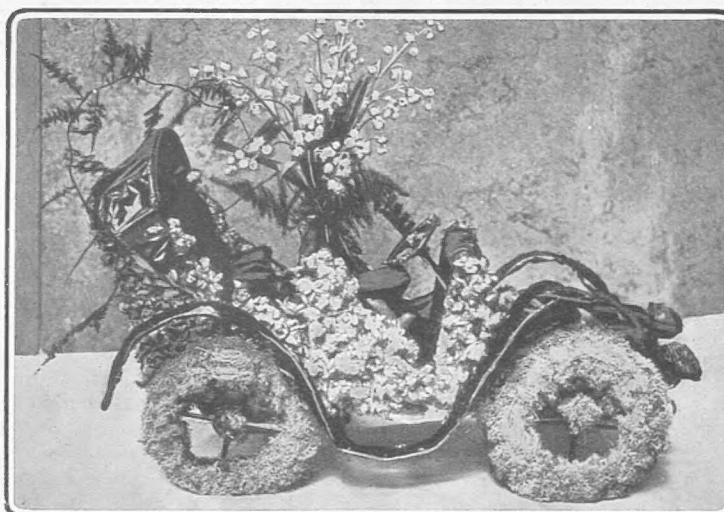
THE CITY'S PRESENTATION TO THE KING OF THE HELLENES: THE CASKET GIVEN TO HIS MAJESTY AT THE GUILDFALL.

The casket is of 18-carat gold, while the base is solid silver-gilt with a lower plinth of royal-blue velvet. It was designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., 112, Regent Street, W.

The *Standard's* godchild of last December, the Christmas Guest Guild, promises well for this, its second season. The idea of the Guild is to find hosts and hostesses for several hundred very poor but respectable children for a given fortnight of the Christmas season. Hundreds of children have already come under the care of honorary medical advisers, and have been warned to keep themselves in the best of good trim for the possible treat. The Guild is to supply all the children with a complete visiting outfit, and is to pay all the railway-fares. Contributions towards expenses are invited, and those who can should send in their invitations at once for one, two, or more guests to be entertained either in their own residences or in the houses of others within their reach. Communications should be sent to the Christmas Guest Guild, Standard Office, Shoe Lane, E.C.

We are asked to state that our note to the effect that Miss Victoria Godwin won several prizes at Brighton was not correct. The only prizes won by ladies on that occasion were secured by Mrs. H. Lloyd (in a touring class) and by Miss Dorothy E. Levitt (in the racing-car section).

With reference to our recent note on the De Fornier repairable tyre-protector, we are asked to state that the British concessionnaire was one of the unsuccessful applicants for space at Olympia, and, consequently, was unable to show the invention there. It can be seen at 120, Long Acre, W.C.



A BEAUTIFUL FLORAL MOTOR-CAR.

The floral motor here illustrated was used as a centrepiece at a recent banquet attended by one hundred leading motorists of the United Kingdom at the Savoy Restaurant. Before each guest was a dainty white-and-gold model of a motor-car, carrying—in the form of a hood—the menu-card, and the guest's name was inscribed upon a miniature pair of motorist's spectacles.

old-rose velvet mixed up with old Chantilly lace about the vest and under-sleeves, made a picturesque appearance at a luncheon-party some days ago; and at the same function in Lowndes Square a favourite actress made an ethereal entrance in a white corduroy velvet coat and skirt with white-fox fur and boa and a white-feather hat, the only spot of colour on her original costume being a great posy of real La France roses, though where they come from at this time of year only the gardeners could tell.

SYBIL.

Louis Wain's Annual, issued at a shilling by Messrs. King and Son, of Orchard House, Great Smith Street, Westminster, contains many characteristic examples of the work done by the well-known cat-artist. The illustrations are printed in various colours.

Pears' Annual, which is priced at sixpence, is devoted to Nelson and his times, the letterpress being by Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. H. W. Wilson, and the illustrations being furnished by many interesting old prints and photographs. Three coloured plates are given with the number—"Sweethearts," by Fred Morgan; "The Happy Mother," by Henriette Ronner; and "Saluting the Admiral," by Albert W. Holden.

The Christmas Number of the *Boudoir*, which is priced at a shilling, has just been issued. It contains many illustrations and articles of considerable interest. Portraits of numerous prominent ladies are given, and amongst the illustrated stories and articles may be mentioned "The Mockery of Modern Christmas," by Rita; "Inspiration in French Art," by Gustave Hiorn; "The Flying of Cupid," by Lady Winifred Gordon; and "The Excitement of Motor-Boating," by "An Expert."

We have received a little book that should be of value to all bridge-players. It bears the title, "London Bridge: How it is Played," it is by H. M. Beasley, and it is published by Mr. Heinemann.

Messrs. Metzler and Co., of 40 to 43, Great Marlborough Street, W., have just issued a number of new songs that should become popular.



THE MOTOR IN COMMERCE: AN INTERESTING EXHIBIT AT OLYMPIA.

A notable feature of the Olympia Motor Exhibition was the indication afforded of the development of the industrial motor. Among the earliest to adopt the commercial motor was Maple's. We reproduce a representative Stand, that of Dennis Brothers, of Guildford, who have devoted special attention to the production of a vehicle of a thoroughly reliable character, a character largely contributed to by this firm's patent worm-drive transmission gear, which supersedes the chain.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 12.

SCANTY BUSINESS.

BUSINESS in all sections of the House has been meagre. There is still a steady stream of small investment orders coming to many brokers, but speculation has been pretty well stopped by the political situation in this country and on the Continent. We are sure to have a General Election within the next two months, and most people think a change of Government as well. What this may import for Kaffirs we must wait and see, but any interference with the labour supply would certainly make things worse than ever. The Russian unrest and the Naval demonstration to coerce the dear old Sultan might easily lead to trouble, and everything points to dull times for the rest of the year, a state of affairs "Q." warned our readers to expect six weeks ago.

HOME RAILS.

With the dividends coming on, Home Railway stocks have good prospects of continuance in public favour, although too much bullishness must not be built upon hopes of unexpectedly good distributions in respect of the current half-year. Judging from the traffics to date, the leading lines will pay rather more than they did at the beginning of 1905, but present buyers look to the first six months of 1906 for the inspiration that leads them to purchase. The market is broadening out considerably, and, were the dealers to recognise the wisdom of arranging contango-rates upon a liberal system instead of following the archaic practice now in vogue, Home Rails might again blossom into an active section. As it is, the charges for carrying over stock, taken in conjunction with the heavy jobbers' turns, make the market a bad one for speculating in. The onerous stamp duties payable upon all registered stocks cannot be avoided by those who take up what they buy, but where the chances favour four to five points' rise these duties may be disregarded. And the best for investors at the present time are to be found amongst Great Western Ordinary, Metropolitan Consolidated, Midland Deferred, and Barry Railway stocks.

NITRATE SHARES.

About six months ago, in, I think, the first Notes I wrote you for this paper, I ventured to emphasise the greatly improved position of the Nitrate industry generally, and indicated two or three Companies, and especially the *Liverpool Nitrate Company*, as being the pick of the market. If any of your readers took the hint they have had no reason to regret it. Liverpool Nitrate shares then stood at about £16; since then the shareholders have received a return of capital of £3, and a final dividend of 22s. 6d. per share, while, notwithstanding these deductions, the shares are quoted at about £15. I may mention in passing that the amount of the dividend seems to have proved too great an arithmetical puzzle for some of the financial newspapers. One of the leading daily financial papers announced last week with all the solemnity of a leading article that at the present price Liverpool Nitrate shares returned 4½ per cent., while one of the principal weekly financial organs expressed the opinion that the Company was likely to continue its distributions of 70 per cent. To prevent further mistakes, I may state that the present return of 35s. a share is equal to 8½ per cent. on the present paid-up capital of £2 a share, and that the return to an investor at the present price is 11½ per cent. With a life of twenty years before it, and every likelihood of maintaining its present satisfactory dividend, I see no reason why a still higher price may not be reached.

I also mentioned the *Salar del Carmen Co.*, whose £5 shares were then standing at about £10. This Company has recently paid an interim dividend of 10s. per share, against 7s. 6d. at the same time last year, and it is probable that the distribution for the year may be 25s., as compared with £1 last year. The shares are quoted at £12, and may safely be held. The shares of the *Lagunas Syndicate*, the third Company to which I referred, are only a little higher than when I first mentioned them, but they may safely be held for a higher figure. At the meeting on Tuesday the Chairman entered into particulars as to the life of the officina at the present rate of production, and from what he said it may be inferred that there is a life of at least twenty-five or thirty years before it.

To these three I should be inclined to add a fourth, the *Colorado Nitrate Company*, which is in much the same hands as the *Liverpool Company*, and seems likely to reach an equal degree of prosperity. The profits last year amounted to £17,000, which enabled the directors to pay a dividend of 10 per cent.; but at the meeting on Oct. 28 the Chairman announced that for the current year the profits were certain to amount to at least £100,000. As the capital is £160,000, your readers can form their own estimate as to what future dividends will be; but 40 per cent., which was mentioned by one shareholder at the meeting as a possible figure, was stated by the Chairman to be well within the mark.

In conclusion, I would remark that, while the renewal of the Combination is a matter of importance to all producers, somewhat exaggerated fears seem to be entertained as to the effect of a failure to form a new Combination. As a matter of fact, the amount of labour available under the Chilian laws is so limited that for a considerable time, at any rate, any increase of production would be out of the question even if it were not artificially restricted. However, there seems little doubt that the Combination will be renewed when it expires in March.

Q.

Nov. 24, 1905.

AMERICANS—NORTH AND SOUTH.

Fortunately for the markets in these stocks, the possibility of a General Election in the early spring of next year does not affect their

prices to anything like the same extent as the same consideration exercises upon Home Rails. For Argentine Railway descriptions there is a healthier tone springing up, interpreted in some authoritative quarters as an earnest of a return of public attention. The traffics are good enough to warrant a fresh bull movement, and within another month or so money-rates should be reduced sufficiently to allow of contangoes being done upon cheaper terms than those which have prevailed during the last few Accounts. With regard to other South Americans, the second interim dividend on Antofagasta stock brought about further improvement in the price, but even yet there appears to be no sound reason for parting with an investment likely to go still higher. It will have been noticed that Paraguay Central Debentures and shares were put up smartly upon a statement that differences between the Government and the Company had been arranged upon a basis favourable to the latter. Notwithstanding the slight decline from the best prices touched, we are of opinion that it would be wise for those who bought Debentures or shares upon our suggestion at much lower prices to secure their profit.

Market opinion is conflicting upon the subject of Yankees, but those well qualified to speak are emphatic as to the outlook for U. S. Steel Common going better. The condition of the iron and steel trade all the world over is, of course, greatly improved to what it was a year ago, and a dividend on Steels does not look a remote chance by any means. Were quarterly distributions of one per cent. to be resumed, the shares would pay ten per cent. on the money. Unions, too, we hear talked to over 150, upon merits, and, if the Company receives that threatened dividend from the Southern Pacific shares that it holds, Unions will take their place alongside the investment shares in the Yankee Market. Money, cheaper again at present, is quite likely to become more troublesome before the end of the year, and this is the principal bear factor that presents itself at the present time.

KAFFIR TROUBLES, AND RHODESIAN.

Stock Exchange men have given up trying to find some new reason for the loss of public interest under which the Kaffir Circus and Rhodesian Market labour. At one time there was a sort of melancholy amusement to be obtained from making catalogues of causes for the abstention of outsiders, but the pastime grew threadbare from overwork, and now nobody seems to trouble much; sufficient is the evil of businessless apathy in which both these departments of the mining markets are steeped. The root-reason of the whole matter

is that Kaffir prices are even yet too high. If you could buy Gold Fields at a pound and Rand Mines at thirty shillings, there might be some temptation to gamble, but at the current quotations there is absolutely no attraction, and the same remark applies to virtually every share in the list of Kaffirs. And perhaps Rhodesians too. The Banquet boom is reared upon a flimsy structure of bore-holes and prophecy. At the meeting of the Chartered Company the Duke of Abercorn dwelt upon the possibilities of Rhodesia as a pastoral country—and we are impelled to add an expression of surprise to find our frequently emphasised opinion confirmed in such an official manner. Lord Harris, it is true, spoke hopefully of the gold-industry of the Transvaal when he addressed the meeting of Gold Fields proprietors, but he said nothing which could be construed into any sort of advice to buy Kaffir shares at their present levels. In view of the beguiling prospects held out by some who, for various reasons, would fain see the Kaffir and Rhodesian Market better, we must again reiterate our conviction that, whatever upward spurts there may be, the tendency of the markets will make for lower prices. And, until quotations approximate somewhere near to intrinsic value, the public will remain outside, just as they are now doing.

OUR BROKEN HILL LETTER.

The comparative activity of Broken Hill shares and the excitement over the Zinc Corporation make the following letter from our Broken Hill correspondent very opportune. We hope next week to give some further account of the state of the field and the latest development of some of the big mines.

Broken Hill, Oct. 17, 1905.

Broken Hill to-day, towards the end of the year 1905, is in a very different position to, say, five years ago. Then lead and silver were its staple products, and a mine to turn over a decent profit required lead to be from £14 to £16 per ton. To-day, as the result of continual experiments, the perpetual adoption of new methods and processes, all making for economy of labour and expense and a higher recovery of the metal contents of the crude ores, the staple products are three—lead, silver, and zinc—and it is possible that before long zinc will supersede silver and become the second metal in importance. Moreover, profits are possible now to any of the nine leading mines with lead at £12 per ton, to some of them with values much lower. Six mines are, at present, on the dividend-paying list, the Proprietary, Central (Sulphide Corporation), Block 10, South, British, and North. At least two others

are on the road that leads to that goal. And "zincs" have, to some extent, put the majority of the mines in that position.

In the past, taking the mines as a whole, a third of the lead, about a half of the silver, and nearly the whole of the zinc in the crude sulphides were not extracted, and after the ore had undergone wet concentration the residue was dumped into huge heaps along the line of lode. There are over 6,000,000 tons of these residue tailings,



THE RECENTLY-ANNOUNCED WEDDING OF MISS HILDA HANBURY.
MISS HILDA HANBURY, WHO MARRIED MR. ARTHUR WILLIAM FOX
LAST FEBRUARY.

Photograph by Langfier.

the metal contents of which carry a value of, roughly, £7 per ton. These tailings, until recently, were regarded more or less as waste. In fact, some of the mines sent them underground to refill the depleted stopes. This is not the case now. Led by the Australian Metal Company, the Proprietary, Central, and Block 10 Companies erected plants for re-treating the residues, and in each case a good profit has been the reward. Methods of treatment have certainly been costly, and the whole of the metal in the tailings has not been won even yet; but by various processes a zinc concentrate worth from 39 per cent. to 45 per cent. (zinc) has been obtained. Several of the mines could not decide on the best process to adopt for their dumps, and while they hesitated developments occurred. A well-known Anglo-Australian speculator (Mr. Lionel Robinson) visited Broken Hill with some friends, was impressed with what he saw, and as a sequel Broken Hill has received possibly far more outside attention than ever before. English and European capital has been introduced into the South, South Blocks, Block 10, North, Junction North, and Block 14 Mines, and a gigantic deal in the once-despised tailings has been effected. A syndicate, having its origin in the brains of Messrs. Robinson and Clark and Messrs. Bewick, Moreing, and Co., has purchased nearly 2,000,000 tons of the stuff, and, in addition, has secured the output for a term of the South, British, and Block 14 (the former for nine years). A Company working the De Bayav process has secured the North's dumps, and several minor deals have been negotiated. The proposal is that these millions of tons of stuff shall be concentrated locally; but with regard to the distillation of the concentrates into marketable spelter nothing has been made public. (South Wales may see the works.) The Sulphide Corporation distils (smelts) some of its product at Cockle Creek, and the Proprietary Company is erecting the first unit of a like plant at Port Pirie; but hitherto the greater portion of the concentrates has been shipped oversea, and it is more than probable that this will be the fate of the "Syndicate's" output.

The extent already of the local zinc industry is shown by the fact that for the last six months the zinc concentrates were valued at over £72,000; and only in 1902 for the same period the value was under £300. These figures, by the way, represent net value only, and by no means cover the full value of the metals in the exported ores and products. For the year 1904 the mineral exports of the Barrier were valued at £1,505,975; for the first nine months of this year at £1,362,208.

The following table (giving the mill returns for one week) shows the proportionate importance at the present time of the various mines—

	Crudes.	Concentrates.
	Tons.	Tons.
Proprietary	12,000, producing	2,500
Block 10	3,276	510
British	2,535	424
Central	1,953	397
Block 14	720	108.5
South	2,791	424
North	1,400	240
Junction North	476	67.4

The figures quoted do not, however, give a fair idea of the capabilities of all the plants. The South, on an average, mills nearly 3,800 tons weekly; the North 1,800 tons; Block 14 and Junction North mills have just been overhauled, and are undergoing adjustments; the Central has not got over the effects of the disastrous "creep" of a couple of months ago, and is only treating about half the usual

quantity. But in all cases the plants are securing first-class recoveries, even if in some the quantities be low. The average lead contents of the crudes does not vary very much in the several mines, but the figures for silver differ greatly. In Block 10 the white metal ran (in the week specified) 14.4 oz. to the ton, in the British 10.7 oz.; that in the South averaged only 6.4 oz., and in the North 7.3 oz.

The other mines attracting most attention are the Junction (which has recently suffered a "knock-out" and is now merely developing; it may, however, re-start production by the end of the year); the South Blocks, in which the Lake View Consols Company (London and W.A.) has just taken a half-interest; the New White Leads, one of the most promising of the smaller "shows"; and the Pinnacles, which expects to erect a modern concentrating plant before long. The A.B.H. Consols (that erstwhile jeweller's shop) has done but little work for months past, and the management is now devoting attention to two blocks at the other end of the line of lode, adjoining the South Blocks. I personally like the prospects of the blocks; but then I was one of a syndicate that held them prior to the disastrous slump that ruined (or, shall we say, almost ruined?) so many Broken Hillites.

Saturday, Nov. 25, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

L. F. S (Victoria, B.C.).—The Company is respectable, but its financial position is not strong. There are £190,000 of Debentures of different kinds, and heavy arrears of Preference share dividends. The Reserve Fund is only £7,500. We should not recommend depositing money with it even for 5 per cent.

X.—The business of the Association is still being carried on in Shoe Lane. Write again and see if you cannot get an answer.

E. T.—The New Zealand Inscribed stock is a first-rate security. Like all other high-class investments, it has fallen, and the same remark applies to the Canadian Pacific bonds. Whether either security will ever reach your level again is doubtful; it depends on cheap money, quiet times, and many other things. Your income is absolutely secure.

REX.—The mines are as safe as such things ever are, and both have large reserves of ore. As to Nitrates see "Q.'s" Note this week.

DUKE.—Argentine Land and Investment Preference at below 4, or Premier Diamond Preference at below 10, or Villa Maria Railway Preference at 80 might suit you. See this week's Note on Nitrates.

FRANK SMITH.—Yes, we feel pessimistic about Kaffirs, and think a real recovery is a long way off. You would probably do well to sell and put the proceeds into Premier Deferred, but see last week's Notes. The Preferred are entitled to 250 per cent. dividend, or 12s. 6d. per share. This only takes £100,000, and all the rest of the profits belong to the Deferred.

INVESTOR.—We do not look on the wholesale Tea Company as an improving investment. The business is a good, old-fashioned one, but these are not times in which middle-men flourish, and we do not think things will improve with a purely wholesale business of this kind. Hold the Trust Company Preference for better prices.



THE RECENTLY-ANNOUNCED WEDDING OF MISS HILDA HANBURY.
MR. ARTHUR WILLIAM FOX, WHO MARRIED MISS HILDA HANBURY
LAST FEBRUARY.

Photograph by Marceau.

RUSTIC.—All the Lottery or Premium Bonds mentioned by you are *bond fide*; but the return by way of income you get is small, and the chances of a prize not enough to compensate you. The people in Paris charge a good turn above the true market-price. You would do better to deal with Messrs. N. Keizer, of 29, Threadneedle Street.